RAW

NO. 3
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THE GRAPHIX MAGAZINE THAT LOST ITS FAITH IN NIHILISM

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VOLUME 1 **NUMBER 3**

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RAW DATA: **CHARLES BURNS** from Seattle, living in Philadelphia, working on epic pseudo-scientific love story called "*Mysteries of the Flesh*." **PATRICIA CAIRE,** a French artist living in NY. Her work has been shown in Frankfurt, and at Artists' Space and the Millenium in NY. **GERRY CAPELLE** is an animator living in Montreal. His strips have appeared in *National Lampoon, Heavy Metal* and *Oui*. **HEINZ EMIGHOLZ** is an independent filmmaker living in Hamburg. **RICK GEARY**'s *Electrical Appliances* on page 30 is one of several micro-sized books available from P.O. Box 99835, San Diego, CA 92109. **SCOTT GILLIS** is a dishwasher whose work appears in *Esquire, High Times* and *Rolling Stone*. Currently plays guitar with a NY band, Konk. **BEN KATCHOR** is a small businessman living in NY. **ROD KIERKEGAARD**'s Rock Opera appears regularly in *Heavy Metal*. **DAVID MARC** is working on his doctorate in Television at the University of Iowa. **MARISCAL** lives in Barcelona and recently designed the Duplex, a Musical Bar. **EVER MEULEN & EDDIE FLIPPO** is a poster artist and illustrator in Brussels. **CATHY MILLET** is a Paris cartoonist who draws in a number of radically different styles. Compare this page with the "Journal" in RAW 2. **JOSE MUÑOZ** and **CARLOS SAMPAYO** are Venezuelans who respectively draw and script comics set in Barcelona, have ever been to the USA. **GARY PANTER** and Geneva, nor Sampayo, based in Barcelona, have ever been to Milan. Our cover image is from *Okupant X*, $2.75 from Diana's Bimonthly Press, 71 Elmgrove Ave., Providence RI 02906. **JOE SCHWIND** lives in Lawrence, KS and unloads trucks in Kansas City. He is currently working on his vegetable garden, digging bore worms out of tomatoes.

design: F. Mouly.

THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT...

©1981 by Ever Meulen and Eddy Flippo

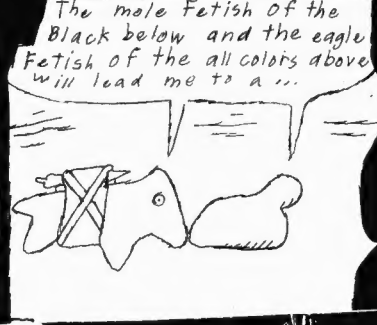
JIMBO
is "Running Sore."
SWeLL.

I want to ride over the endless plain...

... and eat pork'n beans & vienna sausages under Father Sky.

... And Yea, I will not litter for I am a cool guy.

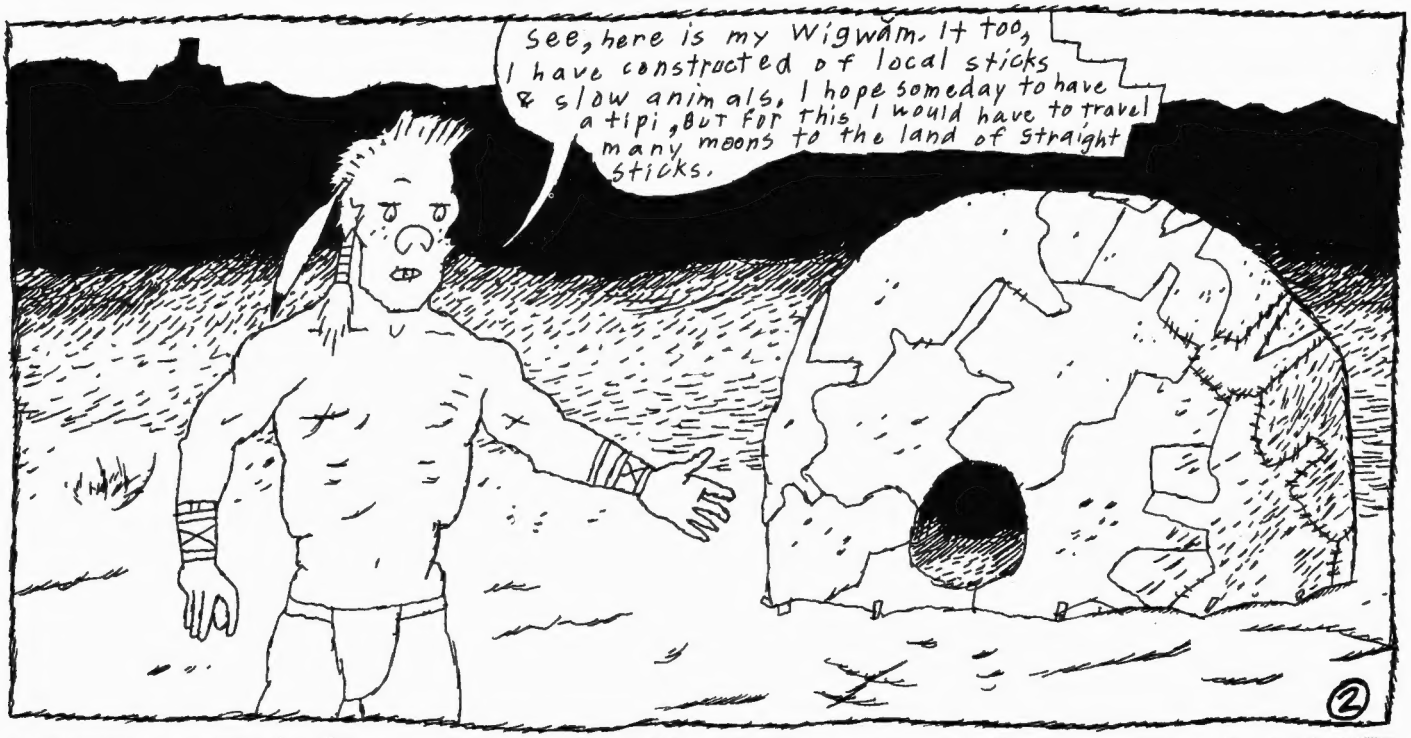
There, in that barren wasteland!!!.. I will see no man.


The mole Fetish of the Black below and the eagle Fetish of the all colors above will lead me to a ...

... secret place where I can diligently pick my nose in peace without Fear of interruption or embarassment.
1

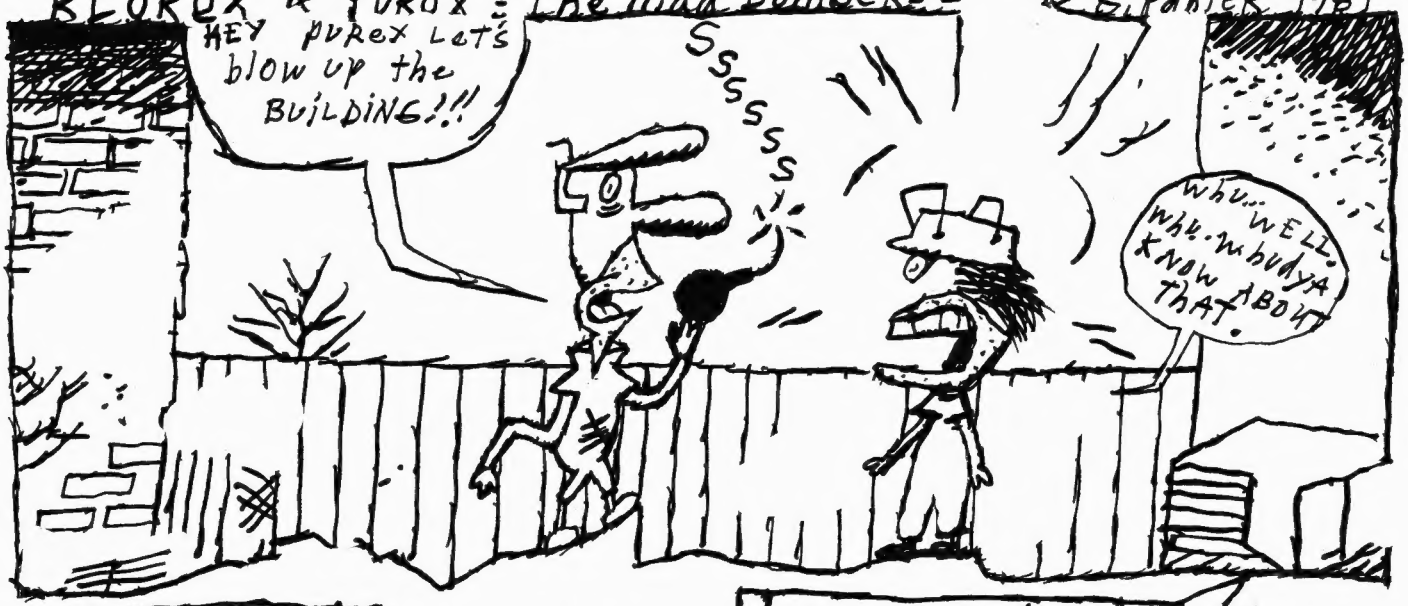
To Be a Respector of Beasts & Find a dog to pull my travois.
G.P.

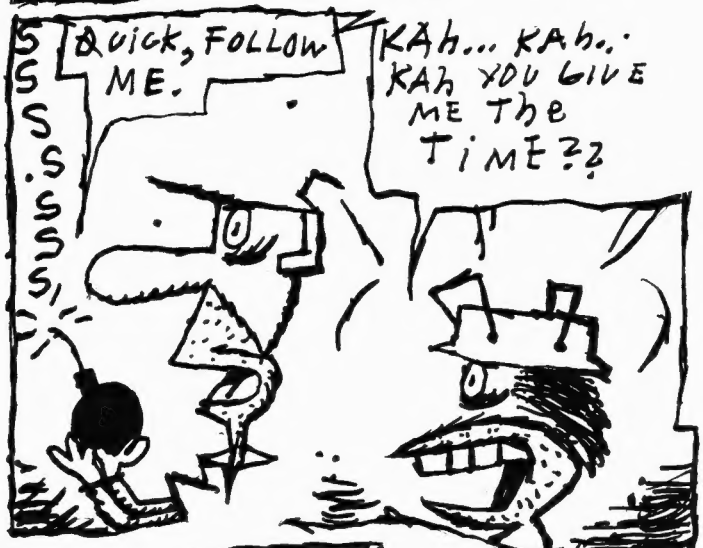
YOU SO RE HAVE TO MAKE
?
WOW... LIKE...
ROCK GOOD... FRIEND. GOOD. MM...
3
Yes, when you're a NOBLE savage, Like, YOU MUST Fashion all YOUR IMPLEMENTS OUT OF ROCKS & sticks.
And Lay them ON a travois & DRAG them behind you covered in a old Tarpaulin. A OLD TARP.
G. PANTER 2.3.8!
YOUR PIECE WITH ROCKS.

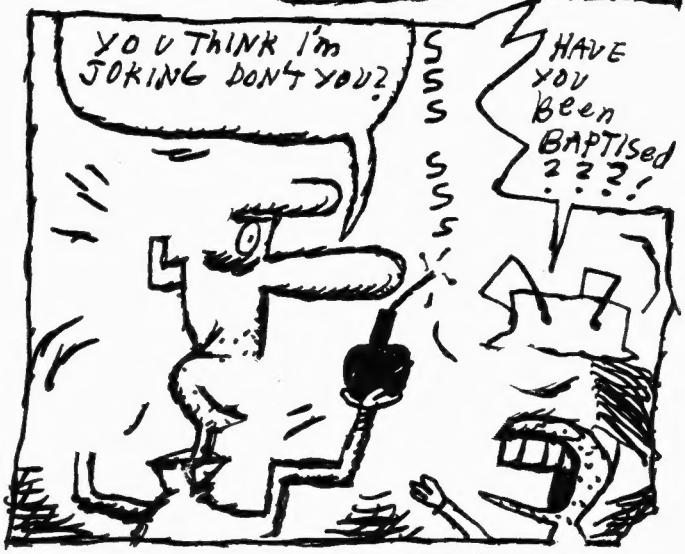

See, here is my Wigwam. It too, I have constructed of local sticks & slow animals. I hope someday to have a tipi, but for this I would have to travel many moons to the land of straight sticks.
2

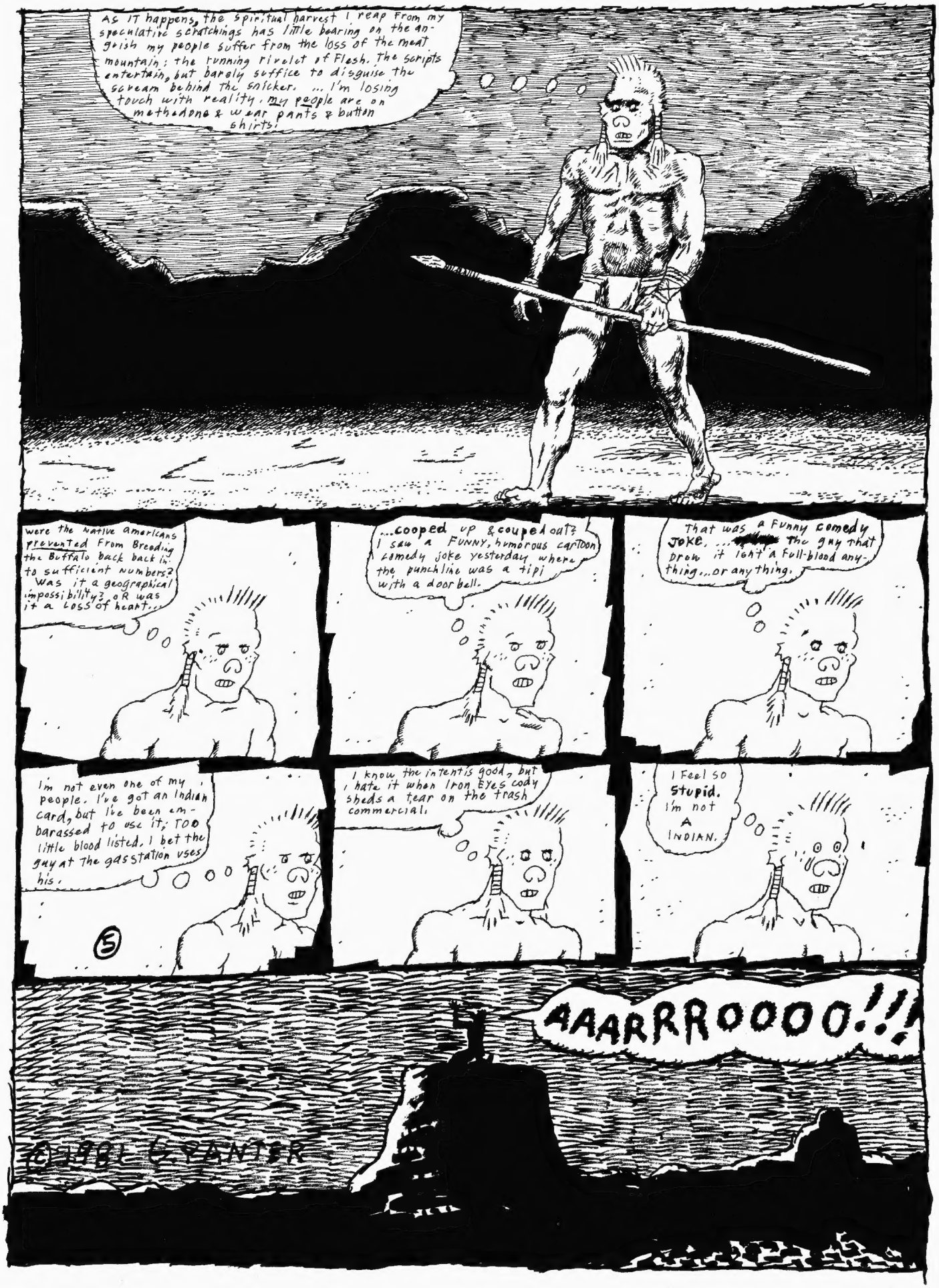
Secure in my Wig Wham, safe from the ravages of an impartial physicality, I carve bizarre and indecipherable images to the edification of the stone & my sterling imagination. Here is one I call Clorox & Purex: The mad Bombers.
Clorox, we are going to blow up the Building.
How do you do?

KLOROX & PUROX = The mad BOMBERS = by G. Panter 1981



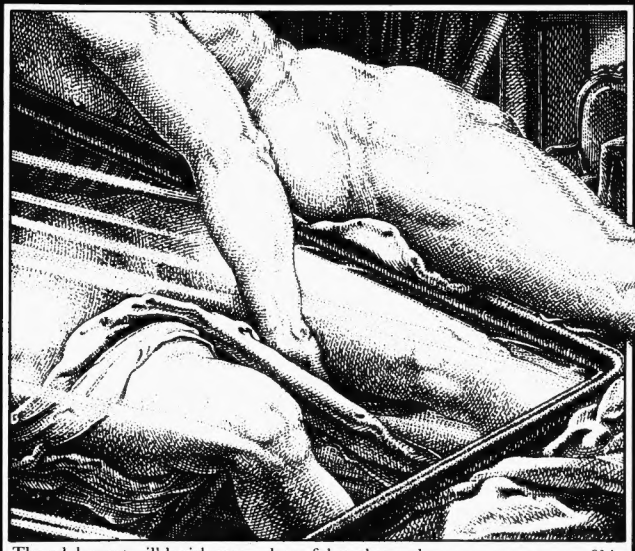




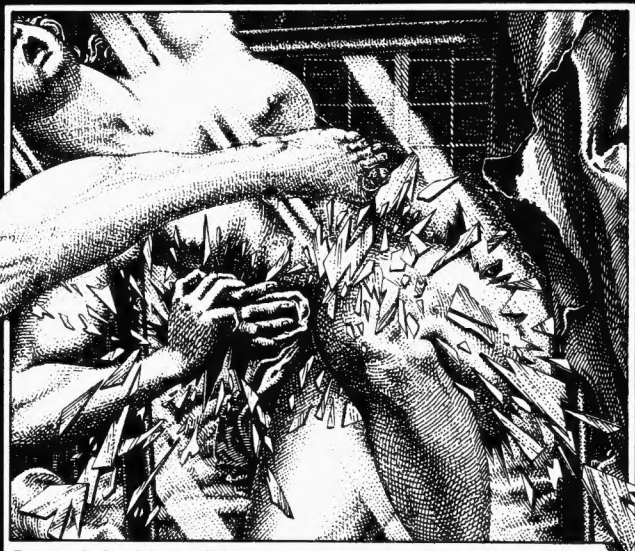

As it happens, the spiritual harvest I reap from my speculative scratchings has little bearing on the anguish my people suffer from the loss of the meat mountain; the running rivulet of flesh. The scripts entertain, but barely suffice to disguise the scream behind the snicker. ... I'm losing touch with reality. my people are on methadone & wear pants & button shirts!
were the Native Americans prevented from Breeding the Buffalo back back in to sufficient numbers? was it a geographical impossibility? oR was it a Loss of heart...
...cooped up & couped out? I saw a FUNNY, humorous cartoon comedy joke yesterday where the punchline was a tipi with a door bell.
That was a Funny comedy JOKE. ... The guy that drew it isn't a full-blood anything...or anything.
I'm not even one of my people. I've got an Indian card, but I've been embarassed to use it; TOO little blood listed. I bet the guy at the gas station uses his.
5
I know the intent is good, but I hate it when Iron Eyes cody sheds a tear on the trash commercial.
I Feel so stupid. I'm not A INDIAN.
AAARRROOOO!!!
©1981 G. VANDER

"Beware, parents! Apart from curious onlookers, the adolescent will disrobe. He will equip himself with some accessory belonging to the fair sex and with a movable looking glass. It is here that the danger begins.

The young man's body is barely formed ar milar to the young woman's. Incapable of distinguishing the illu ality and aroused by his own image, the boy will imagine himself minine charms.



The adolescent will lavish many shameful strokes and caresses upon parts of his body which shall remain unspecified since this is beyond our purview.



Possessed, the violence of his uncontrolled gestures and manipulations will lead him to the goal he so desires.

And it is a young man, damaged in his soul as well as in his defiled body, who will hurtle—the word is not too strong—back into our reality.

Parents, beware!
Onanism causes irreparable ills and wounds!"
(Excerpt from *On The Adolescent's Solitary Pleasures* by Vesco de Kéréven)

Translated by f. mouly and a. spiegelman

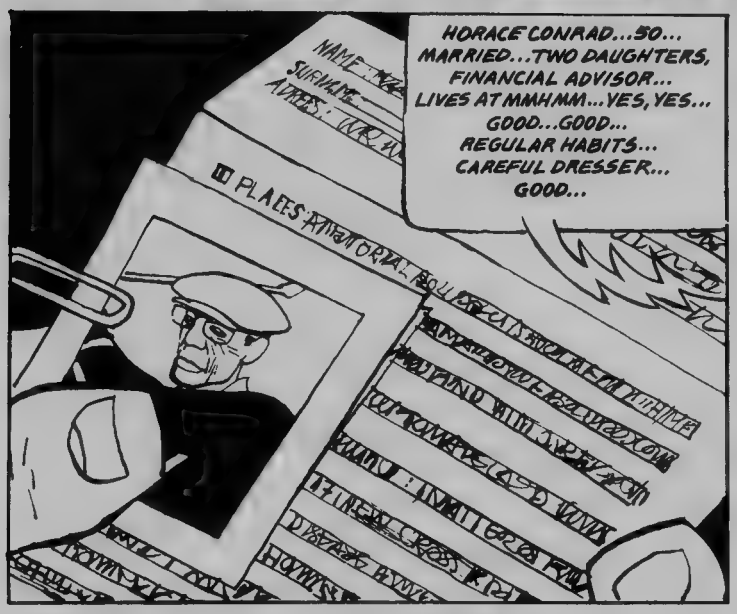
MISTER WILCOX, MISTER CONRAD.

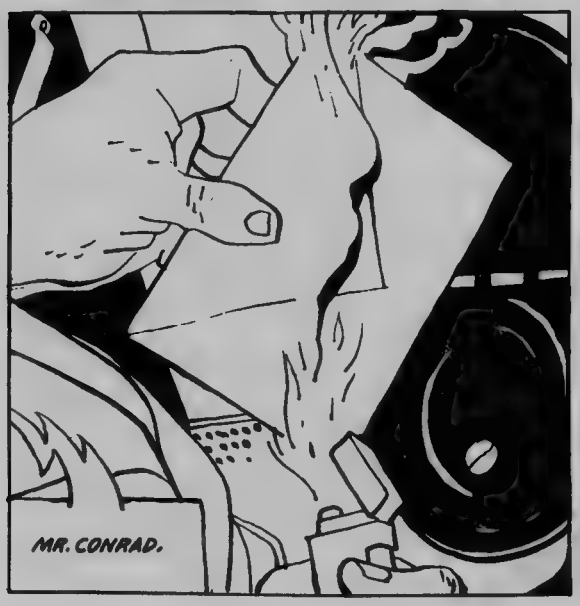
I. A BACHELORS' FRIENDSHIP

Translated by Eliette Markbein and Steve Guarnaccia. Lettered by Susan Moore.

TICKET, PLEASE...
TRAIN 145, EXPRESS TO NEW YORK, ARRIVING GRAND CENTRAL STATION, LEAVING FROM TRACK 22.

LET'S SEE!...
SIR, YOUR SCOTCH.
THANKS...


HORACE CONRAD...50... MARRIED...TWO DAUGHTERS, FINANCIAL ADVISOR... LIVES AT MMHMM...YES, YES... GOOD...GOOD... REGULAR HABITS... CAREFUL DRESSER... GOOD...


MR. CONRAD.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2ND, 1981 3:00PM
TRAIN 145, EXPRESS FROM CHICAGO, NOW ARRIVING TRACK 13. TRAIN 5676 TO TORONTO LEAVING FROM TRACK 14.
13
14

NEW YORK JANUARY 2ND, 1981
ARE YOU READY?
YES, YES... COMING.
THE DOORMAN ALREADY PUT THE LUGGAGE IN THE CAR.
OK. LET'S GO...
MY NERVES...I ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO...
...ROSALYN IS MEETING US AT THE STATION.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO FOR THESE TWO WEEKS, DADDY?
WORK, WATCH T.V., MORE WORK, MORE T.V....
...AND DRINK DAIQUIRIS.
AUNT ROSALYN SAYS THERE ARE DEER IN TORONTO...
OH, YEAH?

WE NEED IT AFTER A YEAR LIKE THIS...
DADDY, DADDY... BUY US SOME COMICS!

I WANT THIS ONE AND THAT ONE!
I WANT THESE TWO!
MY NERVES ARE SHOT... IT'S NOT FAIR...

GIVE THESE TO MY SISTER AND TELL HER I'LL BE UP IN SIX MONTHS.
EXIT

LET'S GO! THE TRAIN IS LEAVING.
ITT

NEW YORK, GRAND CENTRAL, 3:00 P.M.
TRAIN 145, EXPRESS FROM CHICAGO, NOW ARRIVING TRACK 13. TRAIN 5676 TO TORONTO LEAVING FROM TRACK 14.
OK...I'LL SEE YOU IN TWO WEEKS.

THAT EVENING.
PH.D.
M.D
B.D
CONRAD...OK. IT'S HERE. I'LL JUST WAIT A WHILE, TO BE SURE.

ALL RIGHT... HE'S IN TOWN...

AFTER A DAY'S WORK, I DESERVE A GOOD DRINK, THE USUAL. THIS BAR LOOKS PERFECT.

...JOE'S...THERE MUST BE AT LEAST 150,000 BARS IN AMERICA WITH THAT NAME.

WHAT A SHITTY PINBALL MACHINE!!

DAIQUIRI, PLEASE...
HE DRINKS DAIQUIRIS IN WINTER, JUST LIKE CONRAD.
GOOD EVENING, MR. CONRAD.

A DAIQUIRI, JOE.
THIS GENTLEMAN JUST ASKED FOR THE SAME THING...YOU MUST BE THE ONLY ONES IN NEW YORK WHO DRINK THEM IN JANUARY.
RITA...I CAN'T STAND IT.
YOU CAN'T STAND ANYTHING.

...OTHERS TOUCH YOUR BODY, MAKE LOVE TO YOU... BUT ME, I SIT AND WAIT FOR YOU...I...
YOU'RE BROKE.
WILCOX FROM CHICAGO.
MY NAME'S CONRAD.

I HOPE OUR CITY DOESN'T SEEM TOO... FRANTIC FOR YOU...
I'M GOING TO FIND A JOB... I SWEAR!!

WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR SHOES SHINED, SIR?
NO THANKS, I HAVE TO GO.

THAT FEELING IS BACK AGAIN... WHEN?...IT'S BEEN MORE THAN 20 YEARS...

JANUARY 3RD
...MARX-ENGELS ISSUED IN 1919 BY THE SOVIET HUNGARIAN REPUBLIC, JUST WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR.
PHIL

YES, YES... THESE ARE THE STAMPS I'M LOOKING FOR... MAY I PAY WITH A CREDIT CARD?
YES, SIR... I'LL GET THEM READY.

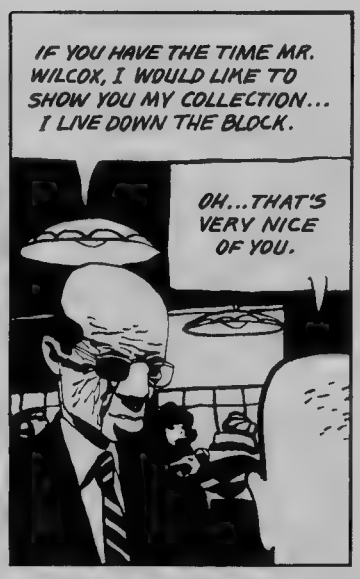
BY 1934 THEY WERE WORTH TEN TIMES MORE THAN IN 1922... THEY'VE INCREASED STEADILY IF NOT SPECTACULARLY. WHAT A FIND!
GOOD EVENING MR. WILCOX.

I JUST GOT A GOOD DEAL MR. CONRAD. LET ME TREAT YOU TO A DAIQUIRI.
... RITA, WE'VE GOT TO FIND A SOLUTION...
THANKS.

I SEE YOU'RE INTERESTED IN PHILATELY. SO AM I...
YES. THE GOOD DEAL I MENTIONED WAS A LUCKY FIND.
GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN.
Philatelics DIGEST

THE 1919 HUNGARIAN MARX-ENGELS... I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THEM FOR YEARS...
...THE SOLUTION IS THAT I KEEP LIVING MY LIFE AND YOU LEAVE ME ALONE... GET IT?... ALONE!

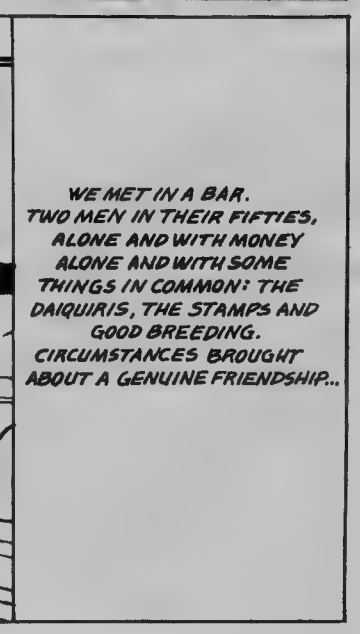
THAT'S ENOUGH!! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE, I'LL END UP KILLING YOU!
SETTLE THAT OUTSIDE, PAL...THE CUSTOMERS DON'T APPRECIATE YOUR YAPPING.

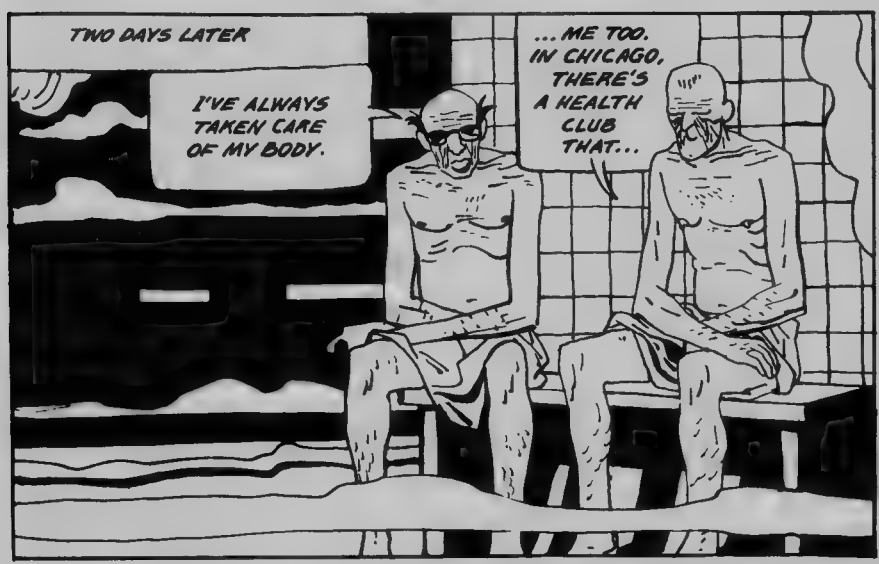

IF YOU HAVE THE TIME MR. WILCOX, I WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU MY COLLECTION... I LIVE DOWN THE BLOCK.
OH...THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU.

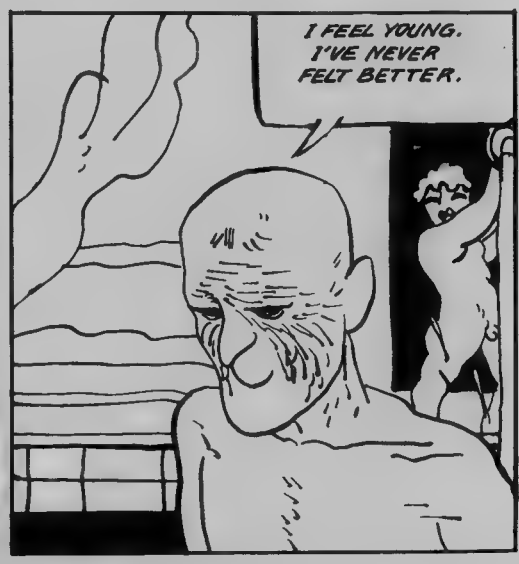
I STARTED COLLECTING STAMPS 18 YEARS AGO, AFTER I GOT MARRIED.
ME, I INHERITED MY FATHER'S COLLECTION...AND NOW I INVEST.

MY FAMILY LEFT FOR WINTER VACATION. I'M ALONE HERE.
I LIVE ALONE IN CHICAGO. I LOST MY WIFE SIX YEARS AGO.

MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE...I'LL FIX YOU A DRINK.
THANKS, CONRAD... I'M GLAD WE MET.


WE MET IN A BAR. TWO MEN IN THEIR FIFTIES, ALONE AND WITH MONEY ALONE AND WITH SOME THINGS IN COMMON: THE DAIQUIRIS, THE STAMPS AND GOOD BREEDING. CIRCUMSTANCES BROUGHT ABOUT A GENUINE FRIENDSHIP...


TWO DAYS LATER
I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN CARE OF MY BODY.
... ME TOO. IN CHICAGO, THERE'S A HEALTH CLUB THAT...


I FEEL YOUNG. I'VE NEVER FELT BETTER.

ENJOY IT WILCOX, WATER IS THE BEST MASSAGE IN THE WORLD!

JUST WHAT WE NEEDED, EH?
GET SOME REST NOW...THE BAR MAKES THE BEST DAIQUIRIS IN TOWN.

TWO HOURS LATER...
LISTEN, I KNOW HOW WE CAN FINISH THE DAY IN STYLE. I'VE GOT THE PHONE NUMBER OF SOME GIRLS... THEY'RE PROFESSIONALS, YOU UNDERSTAND.
I LEAVE IT TO YOU, CONRAD. WE'RE ON YOUR TURF...

Continued on page 31

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The day has been dismal. Lots of running around, taking care of a few things, but never getting down to work. Maybe tomorrow will be better. Tonight I'd rather compound my defeat by watching TV. I flick the dial. Nothing good on, just the usual numbing images.

I'll have a snack.

I don't even wait for a commercial, just drag myself to the fridge. CORN FLAKES would be OK but the milk has gone sour.

In an experiment, rats fed on cereal got less nutrition than rats fed on the cereal's cardboard box. In the fifties, children bought RICE CRISPIES—that snapped, crackled and popped—for the baking-soda-propelled plastic submarine inside the box. They were conditioned to think of food as fun, creating a generation of junk food junkies.

There is some cheese left—not very appetizing—the Cheese with the Paper Between the Slices. It's hard to tell one from the other. The two remaining pieces of bread have dried into styrofoam slabs.

By the turn of the century, bakers discovered that more water could be added to white flour than to wheat flour, stretching each barrel into more loaves. Processing wheat into white flour creates a product that has longer shelf life, but is so nutritionally worthless that rats and insects won't eat it. During the Depression, half the diet of the urban population consisted of white flour products. Fearing that their consumers would die of malnutrition, manufacturers put vitamins and minerals back into their denatured food-like substance. The staff of life had become a rubber crutch.

Even if I did have bread, I don't think I'd feel up to toasting it. There are some RITZ crackers on the shelf, and some others, nondescript.

The concept of brand names only dates back to 1870. Until then, one just bought flour, cheese, oranges, whatever. A hundred years later the cycle is completed by the introduction of Generic products . . . though each supermarket seems to carry its own *brand* of generic.

Competing name brands gave birth to modern advertising. A straightforward announcement of a product's existence can only be effective when a product fills a need and is unique. In a competitive situation, a product's superiority can be asserted through unverifiable claims ("Thomas' English Muffins taste better than toast"). A more complex advertising technique, that of image building, consists of associating the product with a totally unrelated cultural symbol—using a clown to peddle McDonalds reinforces the concept of food as fun. Possibly the most pernicious technique consists of creating a problem for the consumer—usually through the exploitation of fear and/or guilt—and then offering the product as a solution to this manufactured problem. A recent HOSTESS TWINKIES commercial: Mom is shown chastising her kids all day long, then buys forgiveness at the end of the day by presenting her offspring with the wholesome goodness of a Hostess Twinkie.

"Think of what it can mean to your firm in profits if you can condition a million or ten million children who will grow up into adults trained to buy your product as soldiers are trained to advance when they hear the trigger words 'forward march'." (Clyde Miller, THE POWER OF PERSUASION.)

Ritz Crackers . . . THE GREAT AMERICAN ENTERTAINER.

Good. Entertainment is just what I'm after and crackers are at least as entertaining as TV. The box has a recipe for 'mock apple pie'. The filling is made out of crackers, sugar, water and tartar sauce. No apples needed.

General Mills boosted its sales of BISQUIK when they changed the instructions from 'add water' to 'add milk and egg'. Pride in baking is a necessary ingredient for making biscuits.

Left: High-spirited US college student sets new record (1939). *Right:* High-spirited Chinese refugee assuages hunger by gnawing on wood. The world's distribution of wealth is hard to swallow.

Maybe I should make some instant pudding. Nah, too much work and a ten minute wait.

In the frozen food section of the supermarket, one can find an 'instant breakfast': two eggs sunny side up, toast, side order of fries. Cardbord and tinfoil have improved on the chicken's more fragile way of packaging eggs.

Back to bed with the cheese (Dorman's), crackers (Ritz) and apple (generic).

By WWII, corporations started investing in agriculture to control the entire chain of production and benefit from farmer's subsidies. Now, 50 corporations account for more than 75% of the profits of the food market. A witness before a Senate committee asked the senators to consider the typical Thanksgiving dinner: "The Smithfield ham comes from ITT, the turkey is a product of the Greyhound Corporation, the lettuce comes from Dow Chemical Co., the potatoes are provided by the Boeing Co., and Tenneco brought the fresh fruits and vegetables . . . "

The control of the manufacturing and mass marketing of food by the multinationals has far-reaching consequences. Intensive cultivation and erosion deplete the arable soil in such a way that the bottom will be reached by the year 2000. 3% of the American population—as opposed to 40% in the 30's—is involved with cultivating the land. Only food that can be produced cheaply and distributed widely is grown. Tomatoes bought at the supermarket—bred to have skins thick enough to withstand mechanical pickers—only turn red when treated with ethylene gas in transit.

Mary Tyler Moore is interrupted by a Carvel ice cream commercial. I wish I had some ice cream. This is no way to lose three pounds.

There's Nothing Like WAXED PAPER!

It isn't a meal without BREAD!

Since the food industry and mass media are controlled by the same corporations they can simultaneously advertise the junk food and generate guilt. TV dinners breed the WEIGHT WATCHERS™ TV dinners; overeating in front of the television leads to 90-second commercials for SLIM-JEANS™, thermal gold lounging pants to sweat off those extra pounds. (Suggestion to entrepreneurs: an exercycle-powered television set, with TV dinner tray mounted on the handle bars.) For this synergism to remain effective it cannot allow, as it promises, instant oral gratification without punishment. Nor can the punishment ever allow complete expiation.

I'll never look like a model anyway. They're not interested in anybody under 6 feet.

Why does everybody want to be so thin? Undernourishment is a luxury of the 20th century bourgeois rich. In the last century, the 'bay window' belly, acquired through daily 16-course 4-hour dinner bouts, was a badge of economic distinction. As the masses came to afford bellies of their own, the upper crust, always eager to stand apart—after all, what's money if it can't bring something that most people don't have— inaugurated the era of the lean fat-cat. Nowadays, it takes money to starve on a diet of lean meats, fresh fruits and vegetables. A large proportion of America's underbelly, fed on cheap starches, is obese.

I take a bite out of my apple. I forgot to wash it and worry for a second about the white powder encrusted in the skin. It tastes terrible; more accurately, it has *no* taste and the consistency of a gritty, half-moist sponge.

I remember one friend, feverish after a month of fasting, explaining to me how one gets nutrition from the air, not from food. She could scientifically demonstrate this: "you die if you stop breathing but not if you stop eating. Food only poisons the body."

Fundamentalist Vegetarians, casting a disapproving sneer at any foodstuff more frivolous than brown rice, have endowed nature with exclusively positive virtues and lost sight of the fact that something *natural* is not necessarily nutritious or healthy (e.g. petroleum).

EGG DROP from three feet over table is used by Professor Darrah to demonstrate superior toughness of plastic-encased square egg over ordinary egg. The regular egg smashed. The square egg bounced a little but is still intact.

Technology lays an egg. *Life Magazine*, 1956.

Be that as it may, the Food Industry has outflanked the criticism of ever more savvy consumers by co-opting the word 'natural' and associating their processed foods with images of the Golden Earth, hand-picked fruits and kindly grandparents. The contemporary product label displays in large type what has *not* been put into the package whereas actual ingredients still require a magnifying glass to read. What one eats has become so abstract that it is now possible to boast that a specific food product comes from nature.

I feel thoroughly depressed. Maybe I'll make some pudding anyway. I'd like to go completely overboard, feel stuffed and have more reasons to be disgusted with myself. I put powdered milk, a cup of water and instant pudding powder in the mixer . . .

When I was a kid, I never understood why I was told to "think about all the starving kids in the world." Somehow, this was supposed to convince me to finish what was on my plate, but I knew that whether I ate it or not, those starving kids weren't going to get any.

In a world of 400 million starving people, the profit motive still overcomes humanitarian motives. The lesson of consumerism was so well learned in Afghanistan that the powdered milk donated by Norway was sold in the luxury shops of Kabul to Western drop-out tourists and local diplomats.

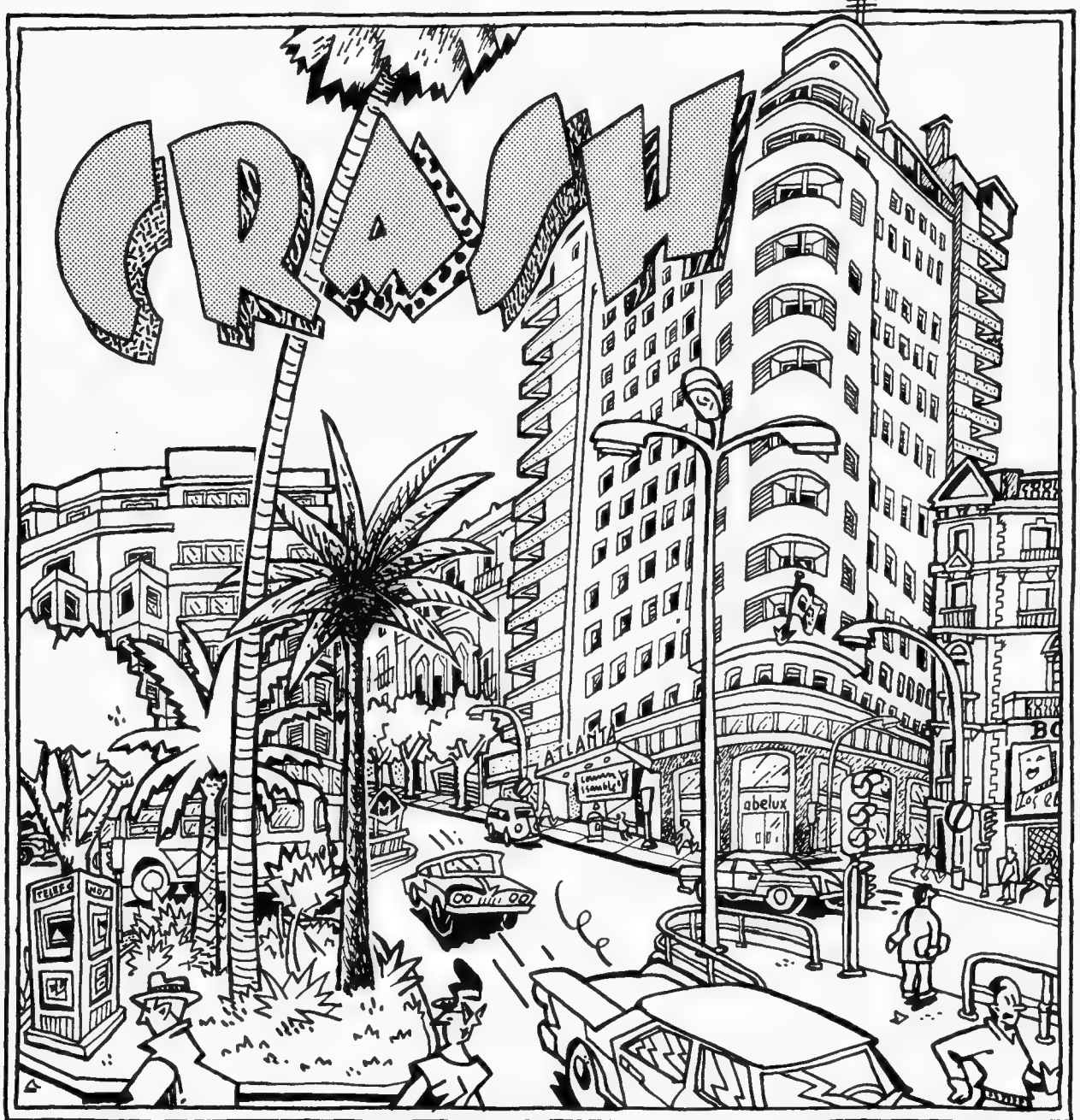
A TV announcer informs me that "Crisco oil has no oily taste." I polish off the rest of the pudding and turn off the TV.

What matters most: taste, caloric content or nutritional value? Manufacturers are developing soybean products, a cheap, plentiful and excellent source of protein. Since it is tasteless, they are shaping it to look and taste like other foods. (After a suit by consumers, General Foods had to change the name of their soybean American cheese to Golden Spread.) Soybean bacon and hot dogs are marketed for vegetarians and those on low-cholesterol diets at prices equal to their animal fat cousins. Soon we will see soybean steaks almost indistinguishable from the real thing. Is it a wonderful prospect that will make more nutritious food available to more people without depleting the land?

Or is it a scary taste of things to come, in which the soybean steak is only a transitional move toward food-pills? Will the pleasures of eating be rejected as old-fashioned romantic superfluity and reserved only for a few billionaires?

I need an Alka-Seltzer.™

The SchOOLBOY aS SaSSIN


CRAZY
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ATLANTA
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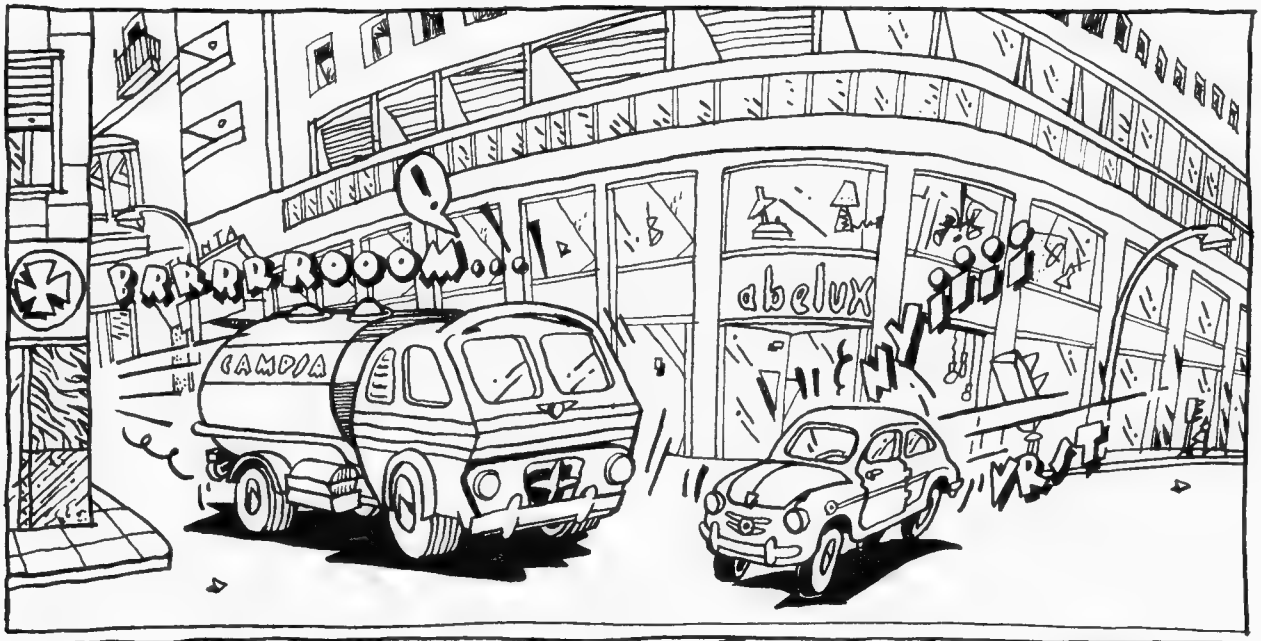
BOOM!

ATLANTA
abelux


BRRRR-ROOOM...!
CAMPIA
abelux
YIIIIII
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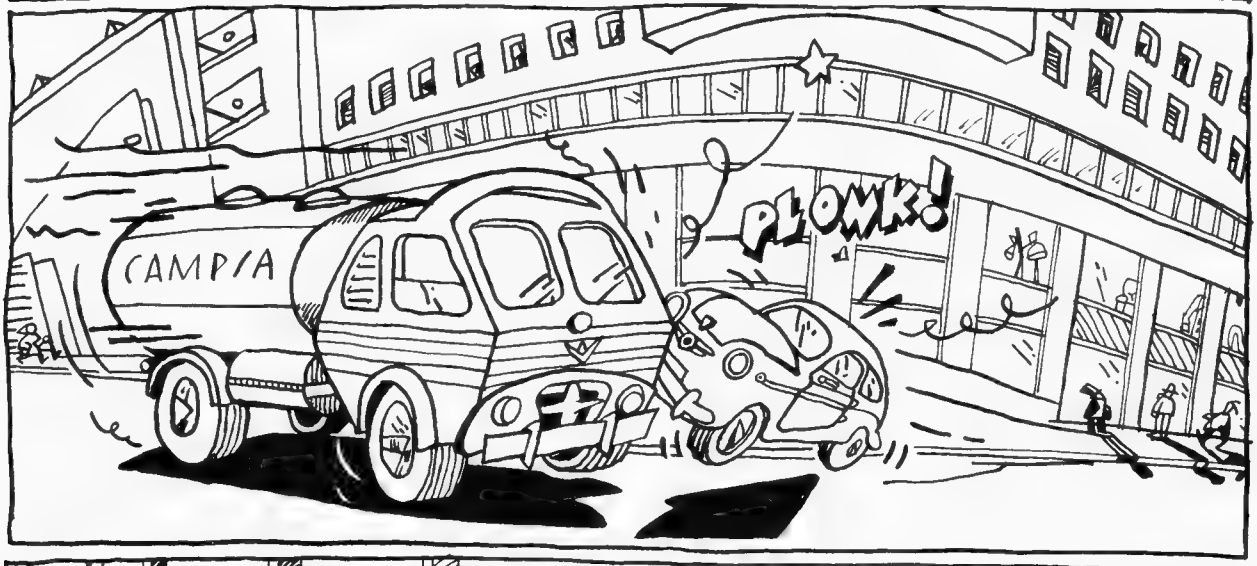
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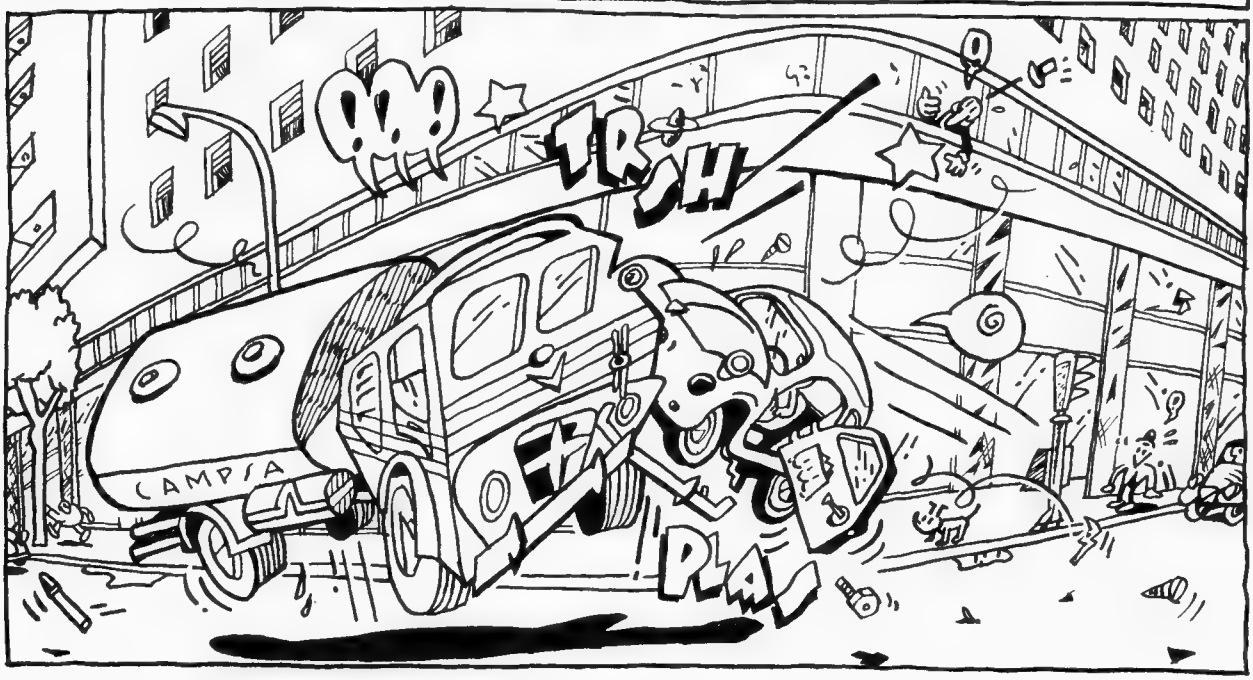
PLONK!


!!!
TRISH
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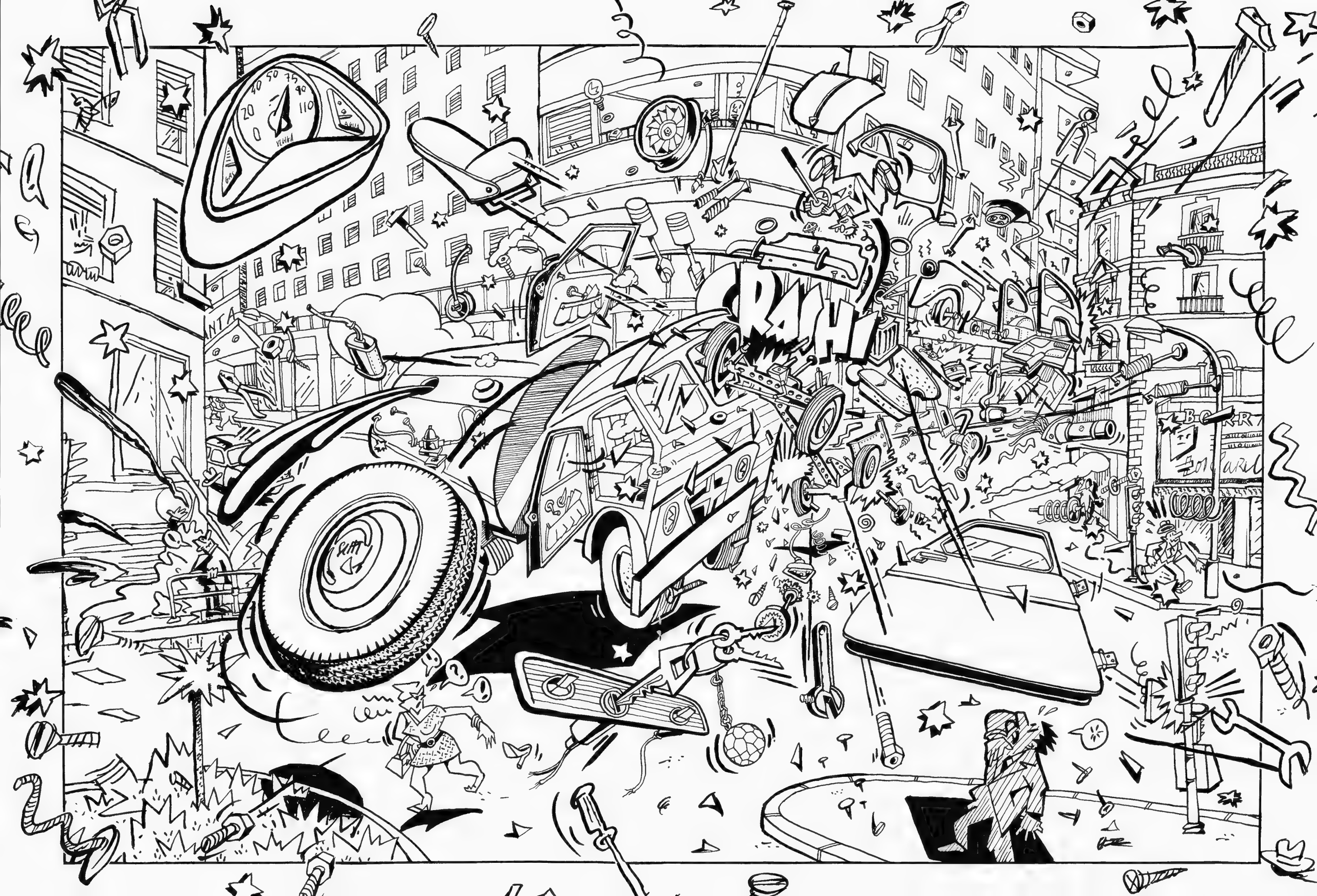
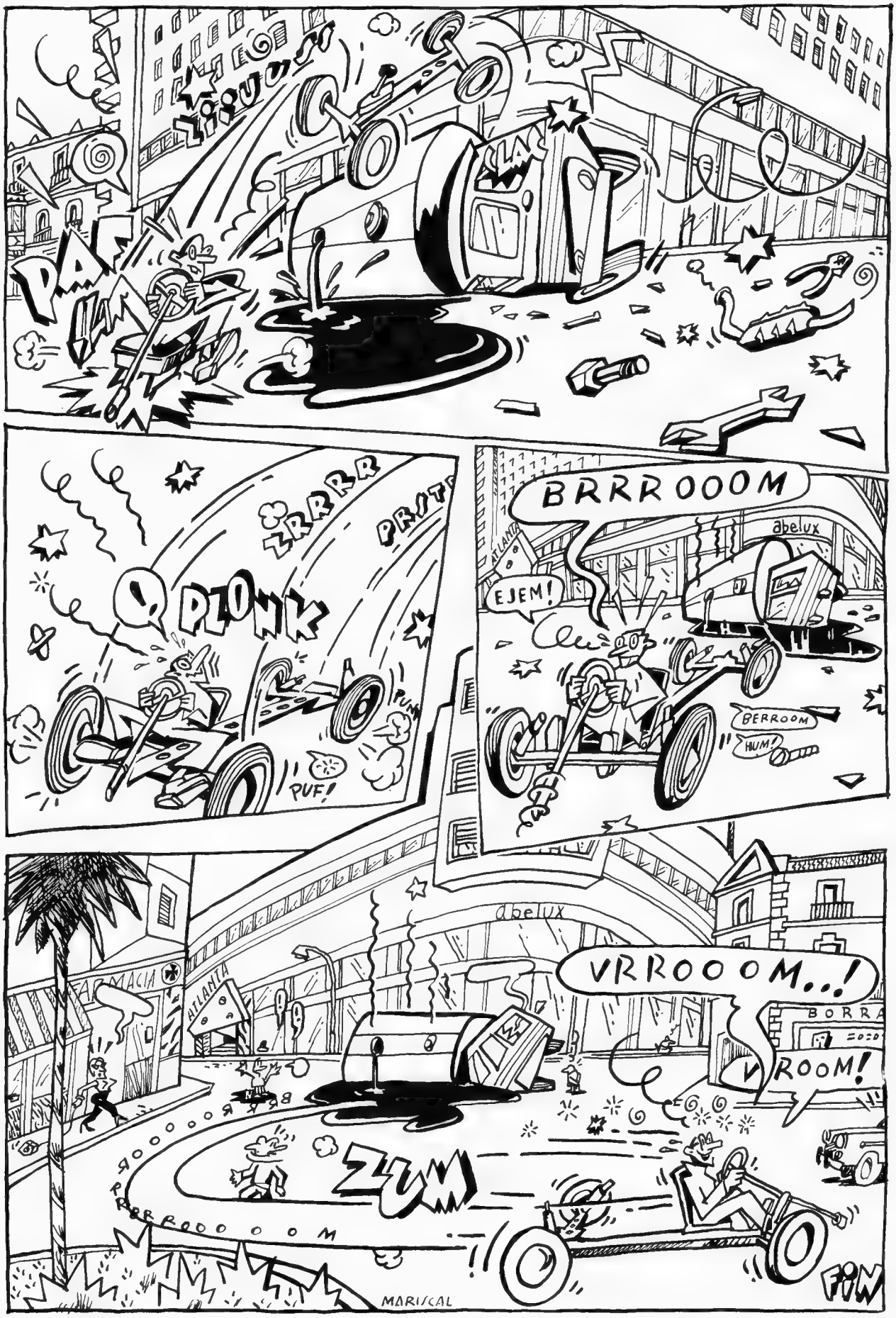
PLAS


CRAH!


PAF
ZRRRR
PRUT
PZONK
PUF!
BRRROOOM
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EJEM!
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HUM!
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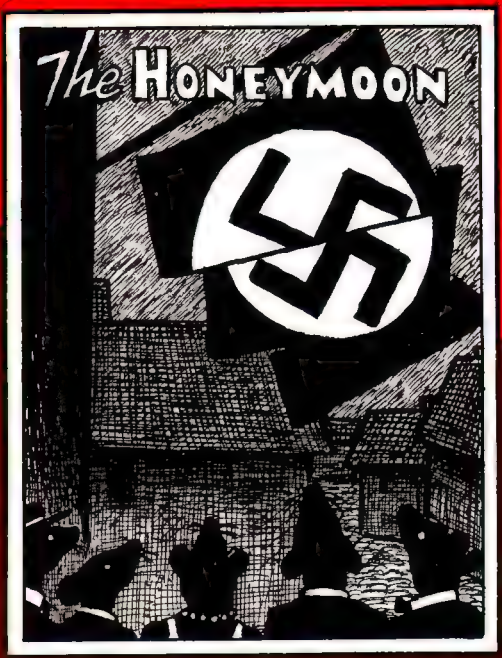
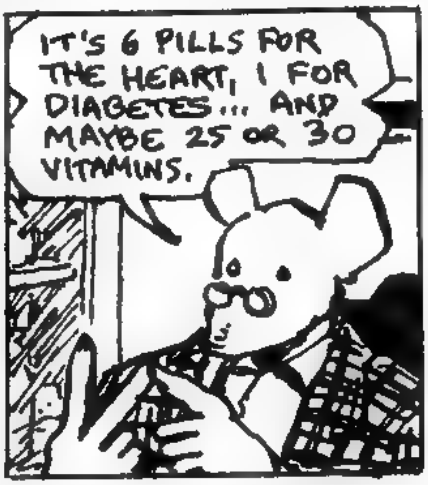
VRROOOM..!
VROOM!
ZUM
FIN
MARISCAL

MAUS



CHAPTER TWO

For the next few months I went back to visit my father quite regularly, to hear his story.



MAUS, A Survivor's Tale. Chapter Two. ©1981 art spiegelman. World Rights Reserved

ANJA WAS INVOLVED IN CONSPIRATIONS!

A LITTLE BEFORE THE POLICE CAME, SHE GOT FROM FRIENDS A TELEPHONE CALL...

WHEN I FOUND OUT THIS STORY, I WAS READY TO BREAK THE MARRIAGE.
I TOLD HER "ANJA, IF YOU WANT ME YOU HAVE TO GO MY WAY...

IF YOU WANT YOUR COMMUNIST FRIENDS, THEN I CAN'T STAY IN THIS HOUSE!"
AND SHE WAS A GOOD GIRL, AND OF COURSE SHE STOPPED ALL SUCH THINGS.
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SEAMSTRESS?

MISS STEFANSKA SAT IN PRISON FOR A LONGER TIME – MAYBE 3 MONTHS.
IT WASN'T ENOUGH EVIDENCE AND FINALLY THE POLICE LEFT HER GO.

FATHER-IN-LAW PAID THE COST FROM THE LAWYERS AND GAVE TO HER SOME MONEY – IT COST MAYBE 15,000 ZLOTYS.
THAT'S A LOT, HUH?

JA, BUT NOT ONLY THIS. AT THE SAME TIME HE DID FOR US EVEN MORE...
YOU KNOW, VLADEK – WHEN YOU AND ANJA GIVE ME A GRANDCHILD, I WANT HIM TO BE WELL-OFF.

WELL, I ALMOST HAVE ENOUGH FROM MY SALES TRIPS TO START UP A TEXTILE SHOP...
A SHOP? PFUI! YOU OUGHT TO HAVE A TEXTILE FACTORY!

THAT WOULD COST A FORTUNE!!
PLEASE – I CAN GIVE YOU THE MONEY AND PLENTY OF CREDIT.
I STARTED A FACTORY IN BIELSKO, AND VISITED TO ANJA EVERY WEEK-END.

BY OCTOBER 1937, THE FACTORY WAS GOING, AND IT WAS BORN MY FIRST SON, RICHIEU.
HE'S A BIG BABY- OVER 3 KILOS*
MY GOD- ANJA ONLY WEIGHS 39!
*1 KILO = 2.2 LBS.

OF COURSE, YOU NEVER KNEW HIM. HE DIDNT COME OUT FROM THE WAR.
YES, I KNOW...
BUT WAIT- IF YOU WERE MARRIED IN FEBRUARY, AND RICHIEU WAS BORN IN OCTOBER, WAS HE PREMATURE?
YES, A LITTLE...

BUT YOU- AFTER THE WAR, WHEN YOU WERE BORN- IT WAS VERY PREMATURE. THE DOCTORS THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T LIVE.
I FOUND A SPECIALIST WHAT SAVED YOU... HE HAD TO BREAK YOUR ARM TO TAKE YOU OUT FROM ANJA'S BELLY!
AND WHEN YOU WERE A TINY BABY YOUR ARM ALWAYS JUMPED UP, LIKE SO!
WE JOKED AND CALLED YOU "HEIL HITLER!"

ALWAYS WE PUSHED YOUR ARM DOWN, AND YOU WOULD
OOPS!
LOOK NOW WHAT YOU MADE ME DO!
ME? OKAY, I'LL RECOUNT THEM LATER.
NO! YOU DON'T KNOW COUNTING PILLS. I'LL DO IT AFTER... I'M AN EXPERT FOR THIS.

SO... ANJA STAYED WITH THE FAMILY AND I WENT TO LIVE IN BIELSKO FOR MY FACTORY BUSINESS AND TO FIND FOR US AN APARTMENT...

RIGHT AWAY, WE WENT. THE SANITARIUM WAS INSIDE CZECHOSLOVAKIA, ONE OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE AND BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD.
I REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE ALMOST ARRIVED, WE PASSED A SMALL TOWN.
OI!
EVERYBODY - EVERY JEW FROM THE TRAIN, GOT VERY EXCITED AND FRIGHTENED.
LOOK!
IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF 1938 - BEFORE THE WAR - HANGING HIGH IN THE CENTER OF TOWN, IT WAS A NAZI FLAG..
HERE WAS THE FIRST TIME I SAW, WITH MY OWN EYES, THE SWASTIKA.

I TELL YOU, THERE'S A POGROM GOING ON IN GERMANY TODAY!
ONE FELLOW TOLD US OF HIS COUSIN WHAT WAS LIVING IN GERMANY...

Jud
...HE HAD TO SELL HIS BUSINESS TO A GERMAN AND RUN OUT FROM THE COUNTRY WITHOUT EVEN THE MONEY.

I AM A FILTHY JEW
IT WAS VERY HARD THERE FOR THE JEWS-TERRIBLE!

ANOTHER FELLOW TOLD US OF A RELATIVE IN BRANDENBERG-THE POLICE CAME TO HIS HOUSE AND NO ONE HEARD AGAIN FROM HIM.

This Town is Jew Free
IT WAS MANY, MANY SUCH STORIES-SYNAGOGUES BURNED, JEWS BEATEN WITH NO REASON, WHOLE TOWNS PUSHING OUT ALL JEWS-EACH STORY WORSE THAN THE OTHER.

LET'S HOPE THOSE NAZI GANGSTERS GET THROWN OUT OF POWER!
JUST PRAY THAT THEY DON'T START A WAR!!

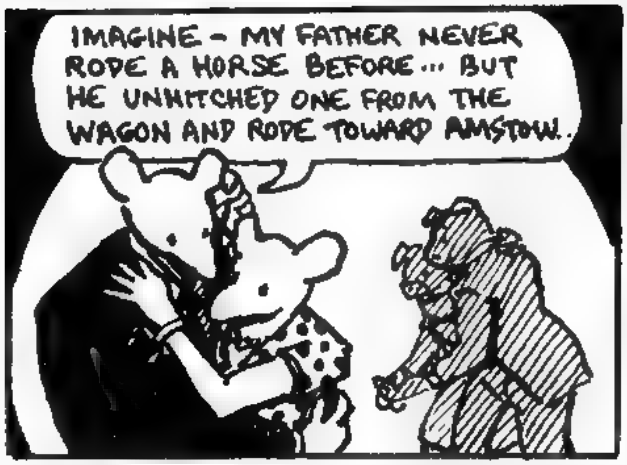
THE SANITARIUM WAS FAR AWAY FROM EVERYTHING — SO PEACEFUL, SO QUIET.
LOOK AT HOW BEAUTIFUL THESE GARDENS ARE, ANJA.
UH HUH
PEOPLE CAME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD WITH DIFFERENT SICKNESSES. IT WAS EVEN SHOPS HERE... A THEATER... REALLY BEAUTIFUL...

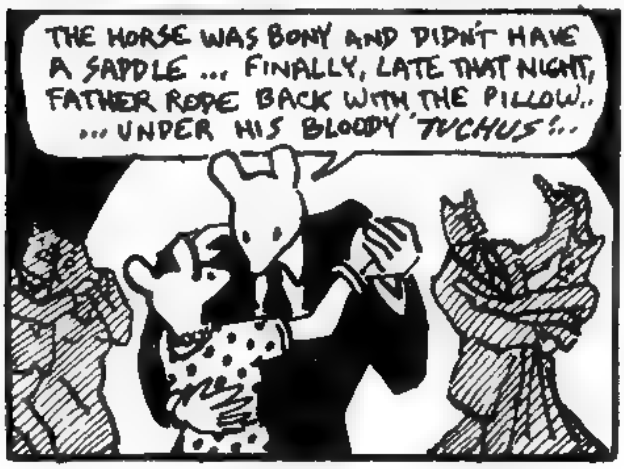
OUR ROOM IS LIKE A LUXURY HOTEL — LOOK AT THIS VIEW.
UH HUH
EACH MORNING NURSES WOULD VISIT TO ANJA.

AND EACH FEW DAYS I TALKED TO THE BIG SPECIALIST AT THE CLINIC.
WELL, WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY??
HE TOLD ME YOU'RE DOING FINE.. FINE..
JUST RELAX.

I UNDERSTOOD MUCH OF SUCH SICKNESSES, SO I HELPED ALWAYS TO CALM HER DOWN.
LOOK — WE GOT A LETTER FROM HOME TODAY.
WITH A PHOTO OF RICHIEU — LET ME SEE.

HE'S A HANDSOME BOY... JUST LIKE HIS FATHER, YES?
YES.





AND SHE WAS SO LAUGHING AND SO HAPPY, SO HAPPY, THAT SHE APPROACHED EACH TIME AND KISSED ME, SO HAPPY SHE WAS.

WE STAYED MAYBE 3 MONTHS, AND WHEN WE CAME BACK, ANJA WAS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FROM WHEN SHE LEFT.
YOO HOO, POPPA!
ANJA! YOU LOOK LIKE A MILLION!

LISTEN, VLADEK... I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO WORRY WHILE YOU WERE AT THE SANITARIUM, BUT –

-BRACE YOURSELF- THE BIELSKO FACTORY HAS BEEN ROBBED!
WHAT!

IT HAPPENED LAST MONTH. THEY TOOK EVERYTHING!
AI! AI! AI!

I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO INSURE IT BEFORE WE LEFT.
WELL, AT LEAST I CAN HELP YOU BUILD IT UP AGAIN.

WERE YOU LOOTED AS PART OF SOME KIND OF ANTI-SEMITIC ACTIVITY?
I DON'T THINK THIS WAS IT. JUST A ROBBERY...

...LIKE WHEN THEY ROBBED US IN REGO PARK HERE, LAST YEAR.
WELL... IN BIELSKO, FATHER-IN-LAW HELPED US AGAIN TO ESTABLISH OURSELVES...

IN A COUPLE MONTHS WE WERE WELL-OFF— QUITE WELL-OFF... A WORKING FACTORY, A 2 BEDROOM APARTMENT, A POLISH GOVERNESS, AND EVEN A MAID.
LOOK, RICHIEU, POPPA'S HOME!
YOU LOOK UPSET, VLADEK.
THERE WAS ANOTHER RIOT DOWNTOWN TODAY.
...EVERYONE YELLING, "JEWS OUT! JEWS OUT!"... EVEN TWO PEOPLE KILLED. THE POLICE JUST WATCHED!
IT'S THOSE NAZIS STIRRING EVERYBODY UP!
WHEN IT COMES TO JEWS, THE POLES DON'T NEED MUCH STIRRING UP!
MRS. SPIEGELMAN - HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH A THING. I THINK OF YOU AS PART OF MY OWN FAMILY!
I'M SORRY, JANINA. I DIDN'T MEAN YOU! I'M JUST WORRIED!
MAYBE WE SHOULD MOVE AWAY, LIKE SOME OTHERS HAVE.
IF THINGS GET REALLY BAD WE'LL RUN BACK TO SOSNOWIEC.
WHY WOULD SOSNOWIEC BE ANY SAFER THAN BIELSKO?
WE THOUGHT THEN, THAT HITLER WANTED ONLY THE PARTS FROM POLAND, LIKE BIELSKO, WHAT USED TO BE PARTS FROM GERMANY BEFORE THE FIRST WORLD WAR.

IT WAS A BIG CONFUSION... EVERYONE *KNEW* IT WOULD BE NOW A WAR...

..AND ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1939, THE WAR CAME. I WAS ON THE FRONT, ONE OF THE FIRST TO
ACH!
SO-TWICE I SPILLED MY DRUGSTORE!
IT'S MY EYES.
EVER SINCE I GOT IN MY LEFT EYE THE HEMORRHAGING AND THE GLAUCOMA, IT HAD TO BE TAKEN OUT FROM ME. AND NOW I DON'T SEE SO WELL.
AND NOW I HAVE A CATARACT INSIDE MY ONE GOOD EYE. YOU SEE HOW I HAVE TO SUFFER?
I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE BIG-SHOT SPECIALIST WHAT WAS GOING TO OPERATE ME?
UH-HUH.
HE LAST YEAR PUT ME INTO THE HOSPITAL FOR AN IMMEDIATE OPERATION...
AND THEN HE JUST LEFT ME.. HE WENT SOMEWHERE AWAY TO GIVE LECTURES ON THE TELEVISION!

next: Chapter Three. A PRISONER OF WAR.

MAUS: A Survivor's Tale
by art spiegelman

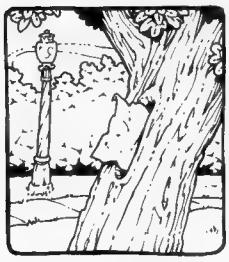
Synopsis. **Chapter one. THE SHEIK.** After a long estrangement, Art Spiegelman returns home to visit his father, Vladek. Anja, the author's mother, had committed suicide, and Vladek is now remarried. The author explains that he wants to draw a book about Vladek and Anja's life in Poland during the War. He asks how they met.

He learns that Vladek had been a popular young man who "looked like Rudolph Valentino." In Czestochowa, he had an affair with Lucia Greenberg for three or four years but was reluctant to get married. "Her family was nice, but had no money, not even for a dowry."

Through a cousin in Sosnowiec, Vladek met Anja. Her very wealthy parents were eager to see her married. He was thirty, she was twenty-four, and not as attractive as Lucia "but very sensitive and intelligent." In February 1937, after a nearly successful attempt by Lucia to discredit Vladek, he and Anja were married. He moved to Sosnowiec, into his father-in-law's household.

This is the second part of a projected 200-250 page work-in progress. Future chapters will appear in RAW, on an occasional basis, as they are completed.

6 REMARKABLE INNOVATIONS



Tissues From Everywhere

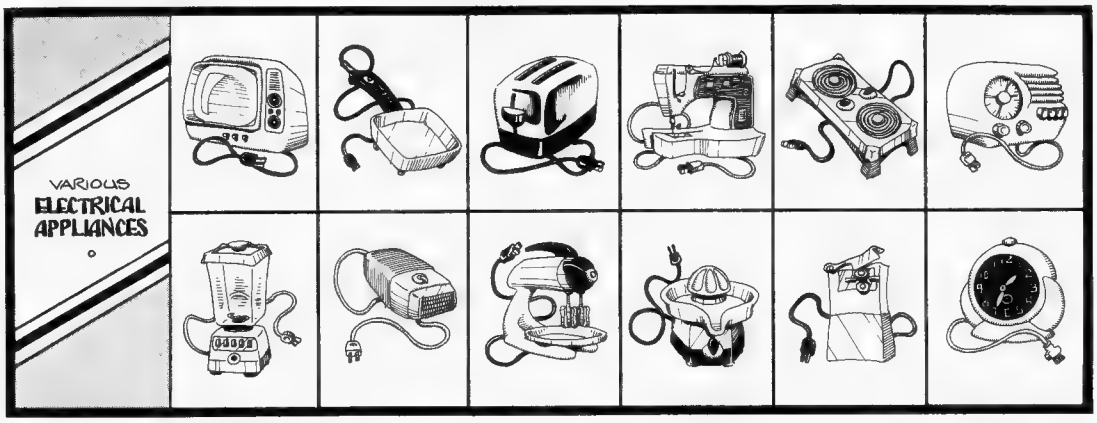
Drive-In Opera

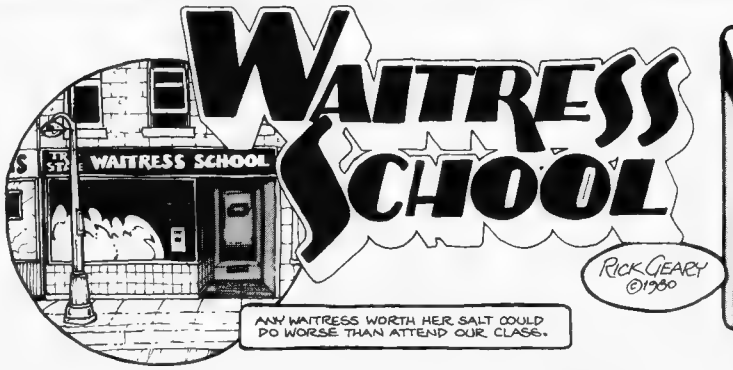
Your Name in Meat

Allegorical Significance to Everything

Exxon Church

Agitating Cheese

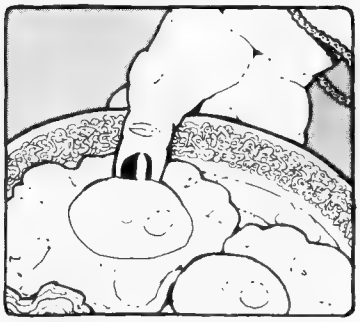




A GOOD WAITRESS HAS A CRISP UNIFORM, A PLEASANT DISPOSITION AND MODEST MAKE UP.

SOMETHING I DIDN'T KNOW: ALWAYS SERVE A WEDGE OF PIE POINTED TOWARD THE CUSTOMER.

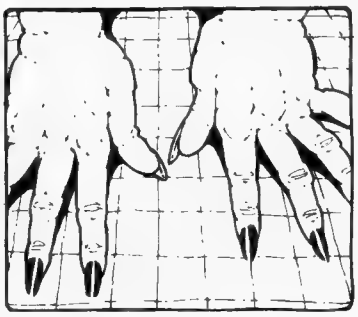
NEVER LICK THE KNIFE AFTER CUTTING THE PIE.



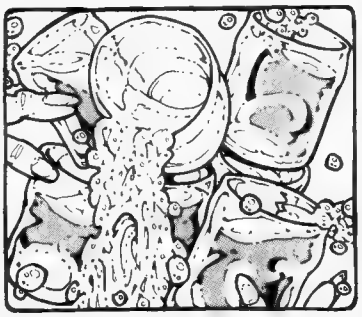
SOME OTHER DON'TS: PLATE CLUTCHING...

...TABLE LEANING...

...RUMPLED STOCKINGS...



DEFINITELY OUT: LONG RED NAILS



TOO MANY TUMBLERS!

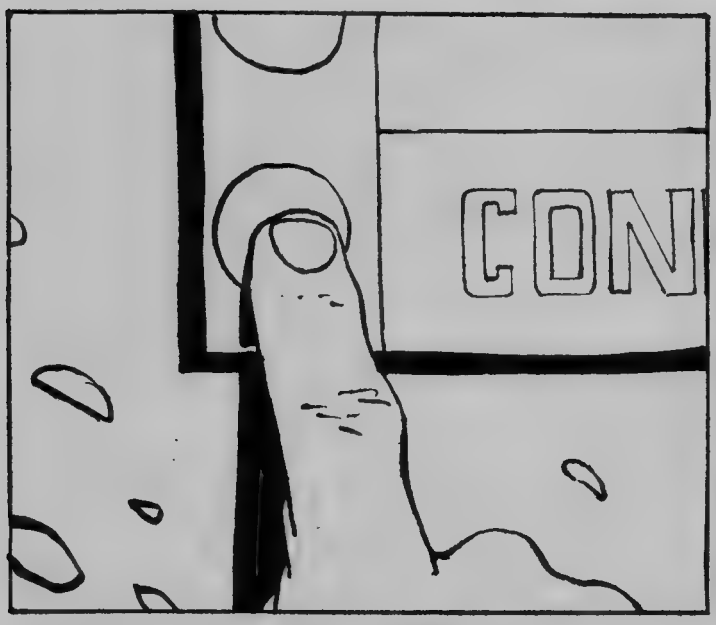
EACH STUDENT RECEIVES THIS CERTIFICATE FOR PASSING.

OUR CLASS.

MISTER WILCOX, MISTER CONRAD.

II. THE LAST DAIQUIRI

Continued from page 20


CON

WHO IS IT?

LET ME TALK TO RITA. I SAW HER GO IN, IT'S URGENT... DO YOU UNDERSTAND? URGENT!

IT'S FOR YOU...WE DIDN'T COUNT ON THIS,BABY..WE DIDN'T COUNT ON THIS!!

LOUSY WHORE!!! WHEN YOU COME DOWN, I'LL STRANGLE YOU,.. I'LL WRING YOUR NECK!!!

HE'S THREATENING TO KILL ME...HE'S DOWNSTAIRS...WAITING FOR ME...HE'S DRUNK, HE SAYS HE SAW ME COME IN...

I THINK WE COULD HAVE SOME MORE FUN - THAT IS, A DIFFERENT KIND OF FUN...
WHAT KIND?

LET'S GO DOWN AND TEACH THIS GENTLEMAN A LITTLE LESSON.

NO, NO...NOOO... DON'T HURT HIM!!

DON'T WORRY, BABY, WE'RE JUST GOING TO SCARE HIM...BESIDES, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE WORRY SO MUCH ABOUT SOMEBODY WHO WANTS TO KILL HER.

THOSE TWO OLD FARTS... WHAT ARE THEY UP TO ?

LEAVE HIM TO ME, CONRAD...LEAVE HIM TO ME!

WHEN...WHEN?
LEAVE HIM ALONE! LEAVE HIM ALONE!

A LITTLE MORE SELF-CONTROL, PLEASE! I'LL COMPLAIN TO THE PEOPLE YOU WORK FOR!

...I'M VERY SORRY MR. WILCOX...
DON'T WORRY.

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THE GIRLS... IF YOU'VE GOT A JOB TO DO, THEN DO IT... AND PERSONAL CONSIDERATIONS DON'T MATTER.

WHAT...WHAT DID YOU MEAN JUST NOW?
I WAS REFERRING TO THOSE GIRLS... BUT I WAS ALSO TALKING ABOUT LIFE IN GENERAL.

FOR EXAMPLE, I CAME TO NEW YORK TO DO SOMETHING THAT... CONRAD... CONRAD! HE'S ASLEEP... HE'S DRUNK...
WE CAN GO... WE'LL FIND A CAB.
FUCKING WHORE!

...DRUNK...

A FEW NIGHTS LATER AT THE BAR.
IT'S THEM.
DON'T WORRY, I'LL LEAVE THEM ALONE.
HELLO, CONRAD.
OK BOYS- B FLAT.
HELLO WILCOX, HOW ARE YOU?
TERRIFIC!
I'M AWFULLY SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED THE OTHER NIGHT...
MISS ROBERTA HUNTER!!
DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE NOT AT ALL RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENED.
BESIDES, WE GOT GOOD AND DRUNK- YOU NEED THAT FROM TIME TO TIME.
HI, TOOTS!
YES LADIES, TO YOUR HEALTH.
The man that I'm a-lovin', Lord, is goin' get me Killed, cos' love is a propo
sition that's got many a poor girl chilled...
LISTEN, CONRAD...I WANT TO TELL YOU THAT IT'S BEEN A GREAT PLEASURE TO KNOW YOU.

MAKE HER... MAKE HER SHUT UP....
...BECAUSE IT'S DIFFICULT TO MEET PEOPLE SO MUCH LIKE ONESELF.
THANK YOU... I FEEL THE SAME.
I love that lo-vin, Lord, and you won't be have...

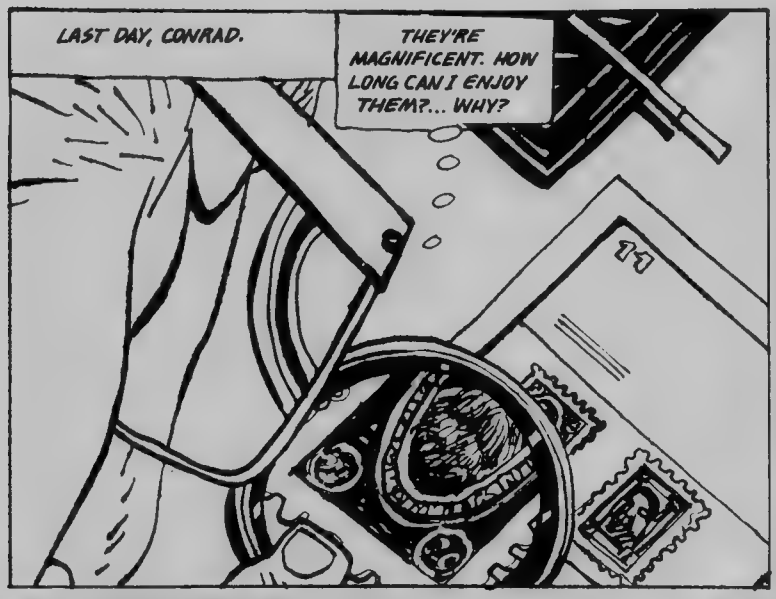
You goin'a keep on a-shovin' you gonna wake up in your grave.
I'M LEAVING FOR CHICAGO TOMORROW.
AND MY FAMILY IS COMING BACK IN TWO DAYS.

YOU SEE...THINGS ARE STARTING TO CHANGE... LISTEN CONRAD...I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU A PRESENT...
wake up in your grave..

I WANT TO GIVE YOU THE HUNGARIAN STAMPS I BOUGHT THE OTHER DAY.
OH, NO... I CAN'T, I COULDN'T.
THANK YOU, THANK YOU.

YOU'RE A LOUSY WHORE...
IT'S A VERY GREAT PLEASURE TO GIVE THEM TO YOU, BELIEVE ME.

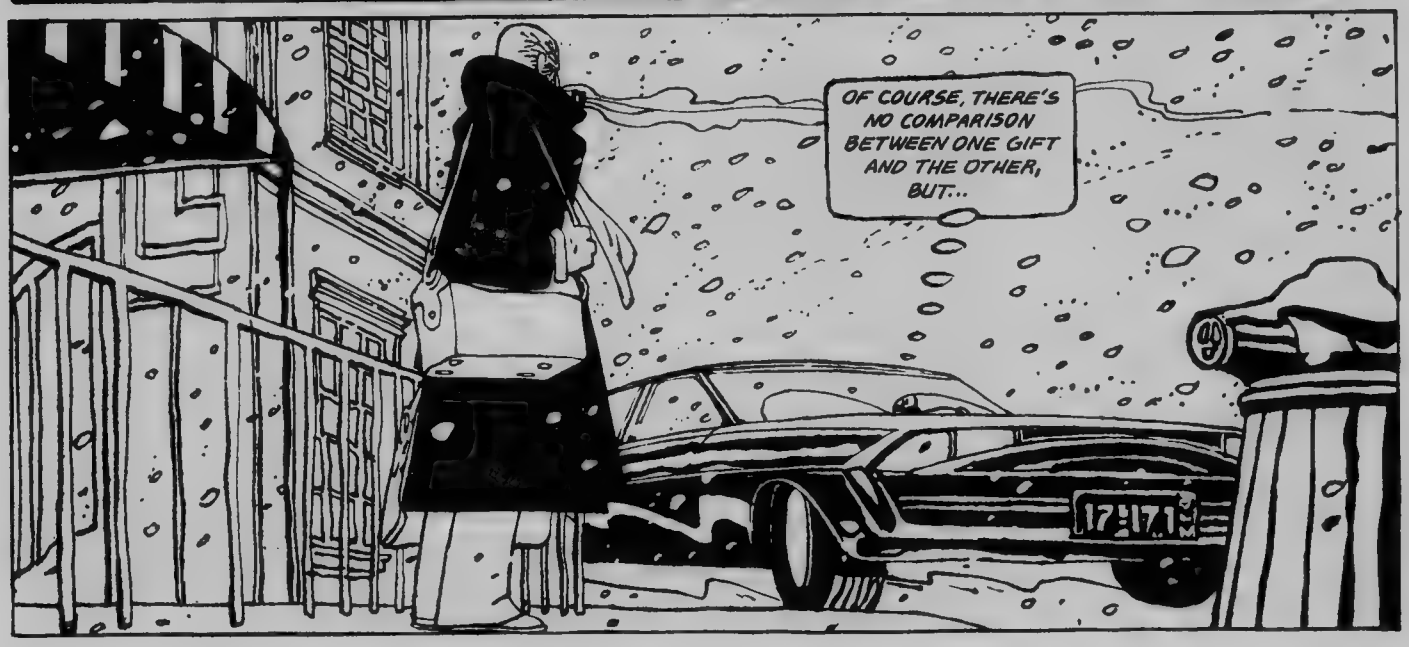
I'LL PICK YOU UP AT YOUR HOTEL TOMORROW AND DRIVE YOU TO THE STATION...


LAST DAY, CONRAD.
THEY'RE MAGNIFICENT. HOW LONG CAN I ENJOY THEM?... WHY?

WHEN?...

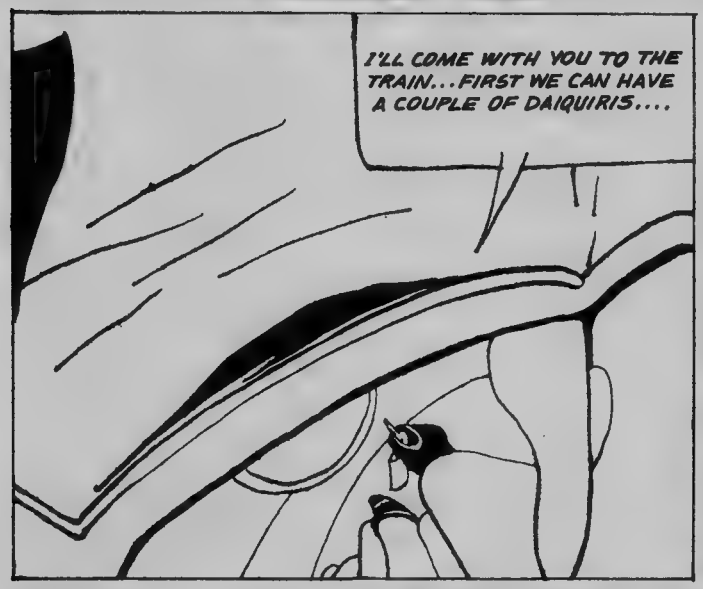
...WILCOX, I'LL COME GET YOU NOW. I'LL BE THERE IN 15 MINUTES.

MY CAR... I'D LIKE TO GIVE IT TO HIM.

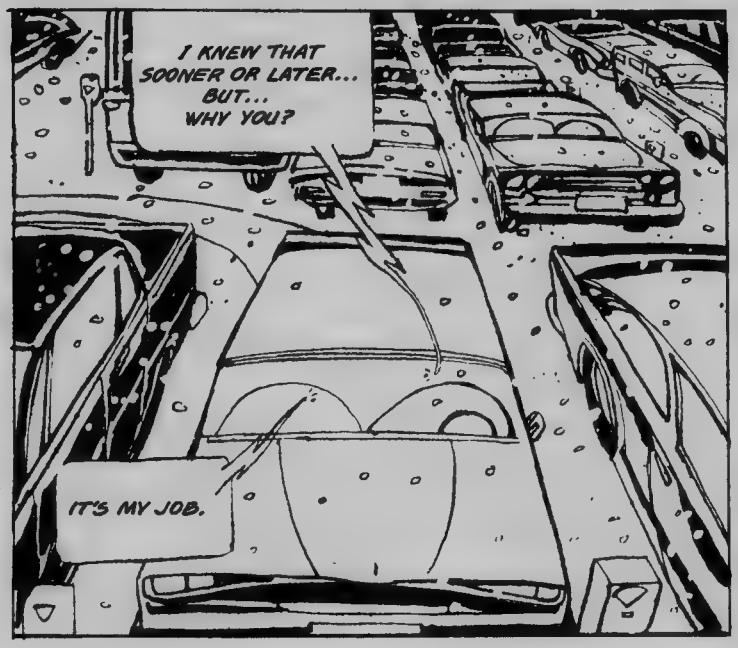

OF COURSE, THERE'S NO COMPARISON BETWEEN ONE GIFT AND THE OTHER, BUT...

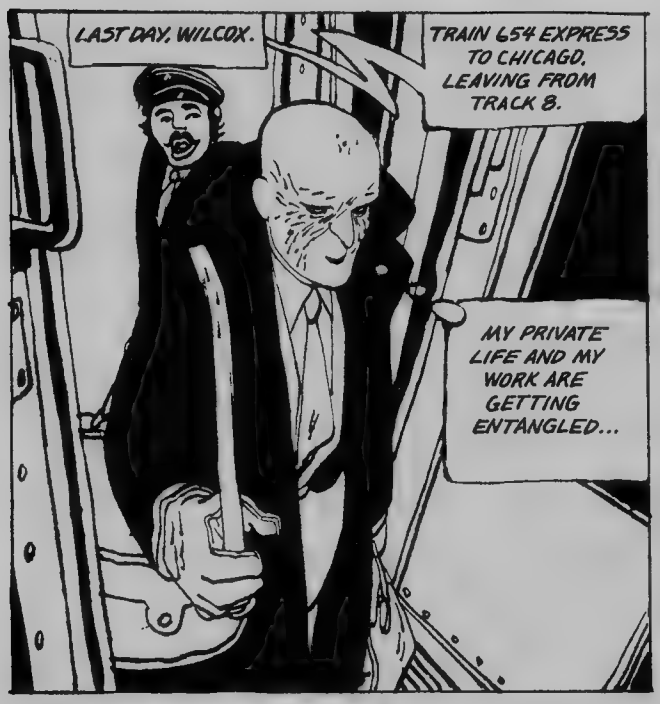
HOW ARE YOU DOING?
TERRIFIC!

WE HAVE TIME, THE TRAIN LEAVES IN HALF AN HOUR...


I'LL COME WITH YOU TO THE TRAIN... FIRST WE CAN HAVE A COUPLE OF DAIQUIRIS....

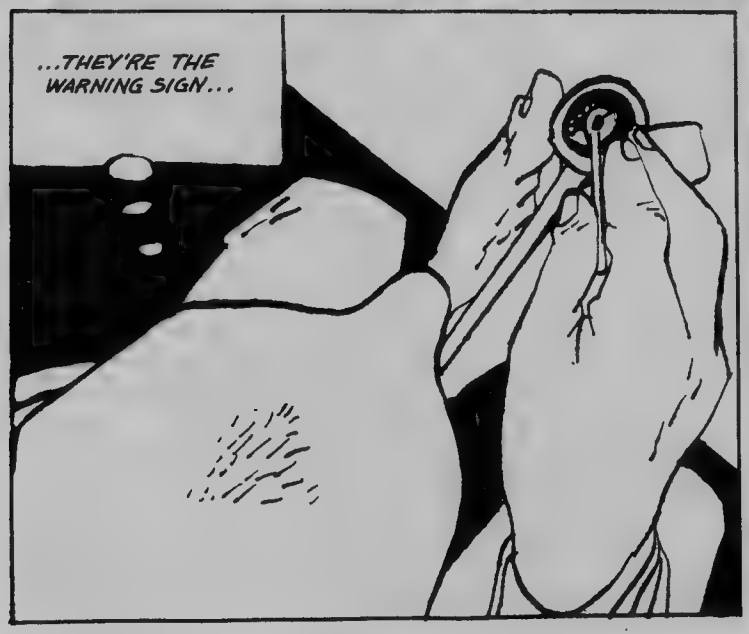
NO, CONRAD. THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE DAIQUIRIS.

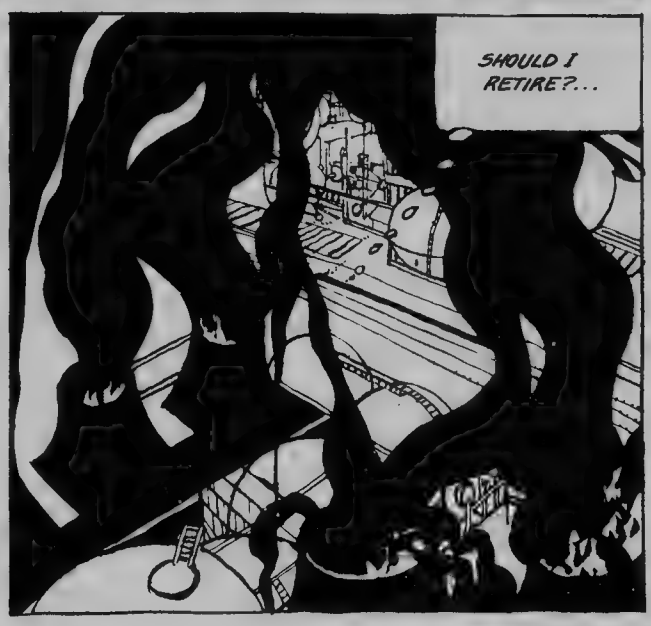

I KNEW THAT SOONER OR LATER... BUT... WHY YOU?
IT'S MY JOB.


LAST DAY, WILCOX.
TRAIN 654 EXPRESS TO CHICAGO, LEAVING FROM TRACK 8.
MY PRIVATE LIFE AND MY WORK ARE GETTING ENTANGLED...

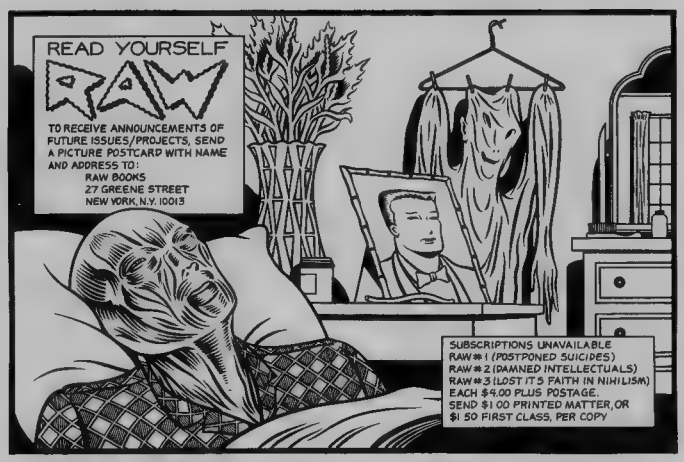
EXCUSE ME.
I COME TO NEW YORK TO LIQUIDATE A GUY AND I MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM.

YES, PLEASE, A DAIQUIRI.
...THE STAMPS...
PEACEFUL WAR BETWEEN RED CHINA AND VIETNAM
Go to hell, Mao!
Von Clausewitz' Point of view

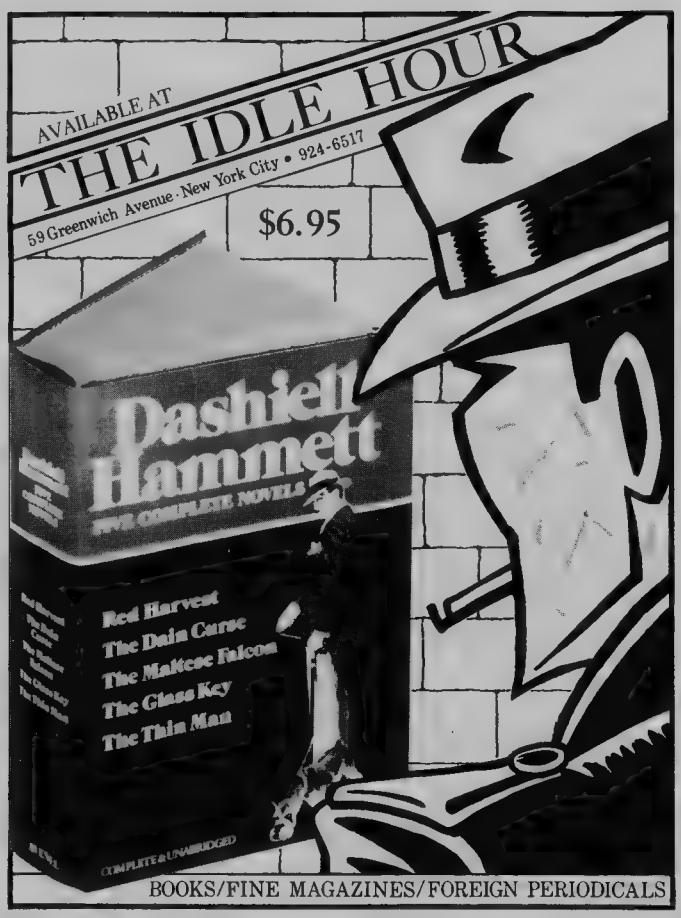

...THEY'RE THE WARNING SIGN...


SHOULD I RETIRE?...

THE END

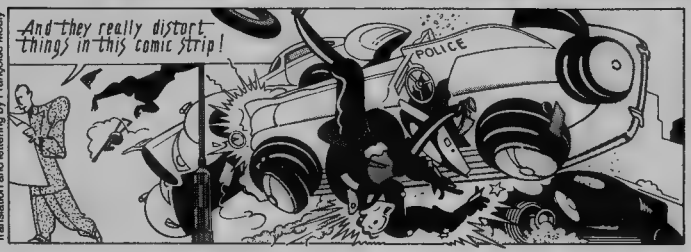


"... Never tell the customer 'We've got it, if you want it.'... Use the words NEW or FREE..." —Mail Order Handbook



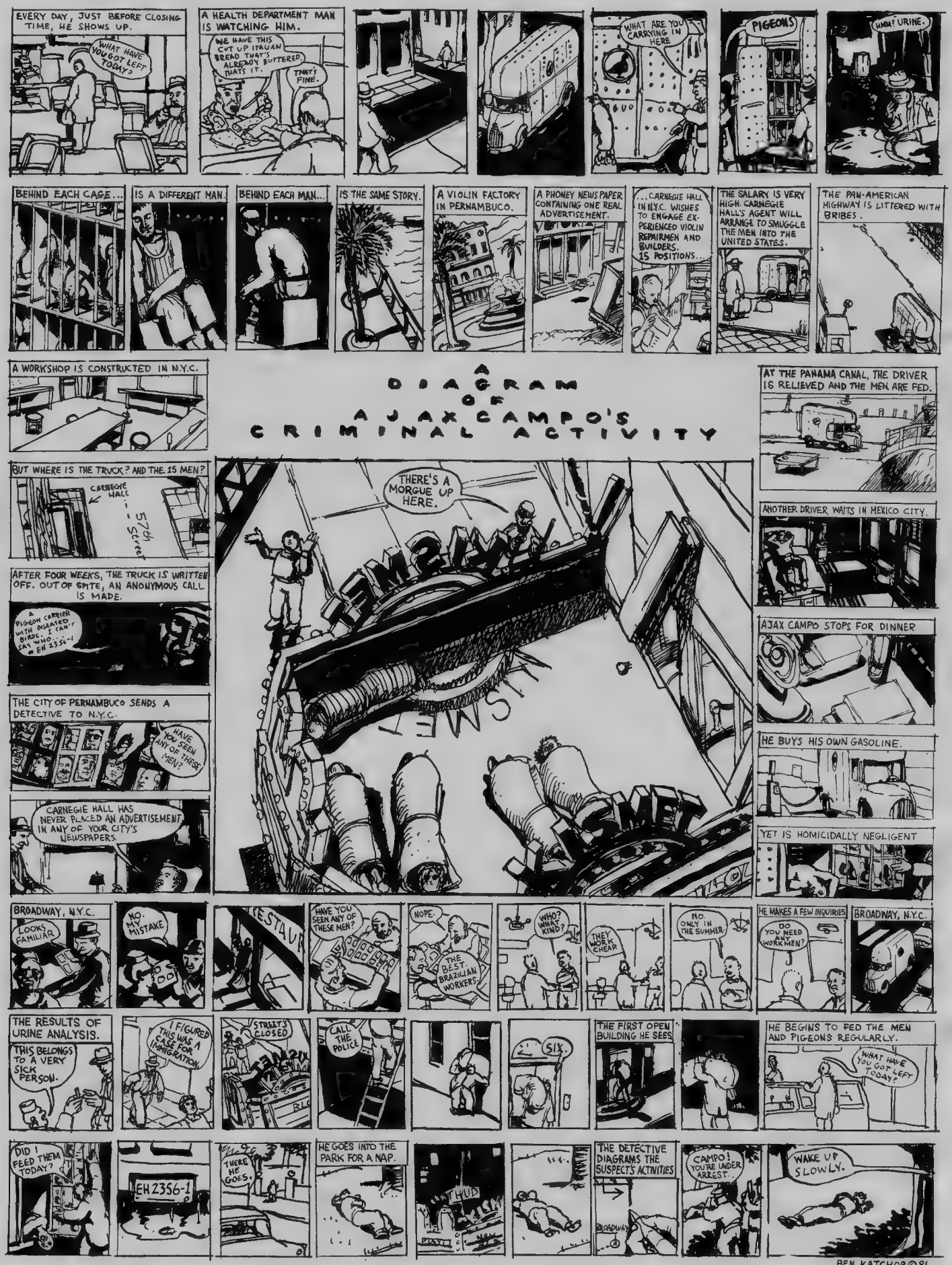
FREDERICO FLEGMATICO

in Dazed Events



Translation and lettering by Françoise Mouly

A DIAGRAM OF AJAX CAMPO'S CRIMINAL ACTIVITY



BEN KATCHOR © 81

AUTOMOTIVE NEWS

"Europe is history. America is geography."—Charles Olson

Convinced by Robert Moses that the threat of Soviet invasion mandated an efficient refugee evacuation system, General Eisenhower signed the Interstate Highway Act of 1956 effectively making America a suburb of Los Angeles. When you can get around from place to place with a bored look on your face—that's when the wilderness is no wilderness. The nation-state whose people had thrashed out the Cumberland Road, dug the Erie Canal and carved railroad passes through the Rockies, convinced that it was at war with space (and furthermore that it could win) bet Fort Knox, the family jewels, the wad, the stash and all the cash that it could cruise Broadway to Hollywood Boulevard without so much as a single red light to bring it down. A country where you could impress girls. Expressways paved with gold.

The mullah calls the devout to prayer.

Jack Kerouac is a victim of inflation. Dean Moriarty at a buck-and-a-half a gallon? Off the road. Now you wiseguys will find out what a limited access highway really is.

We respect each other in the car. We let each other pass. We race a bit from time to time—and accidents will happen—but who are those hundreds of thousands to my millions of happy miles? When the road is true and the car's got the goods and the radio's working, what complaint dare I make of the national trust? I am serviced. Easy on; easy off. Bridge freezes before roadway. Everything you need to know. Slippery when wet. Lines solid and broken. Arrows. How many miles to Ashtabula?

America is on gasoline, beaten by a Chrysler dealer. A serious addict does not know need from pleasure. The veins must be full and that's that. Users can afford it. Addicts have more trouble. When things get tight, users get testy. When things get dry, oh me, oh my.

There is a fairy tale that tells of Demographia, Goddess of North America, who taunted mortals by going to Times Square and getting phony newspaper headlines printed up:

OIL STRUCK IN NEW JERSEY: ESTIMATED RESERVES ENOUGH FOR 100,000 YEARS OF UNBRIDLED DEVELOPMENT

ASTRONAUTS LAND ON PLANET OF OIL: FIRST SHIPMENTS COULD AFFECT PUMP PRICES BY APRIL

WORLD MYSTERIOUSLY GOES BACK TO WAY IT WAS: EXPERTS SHOCKED

It is imperative that people have more sex to compensate for reduced availability of fossil fuels.

—David Marc

Adapted from a text by James Barth

© P. CAIRE 1981

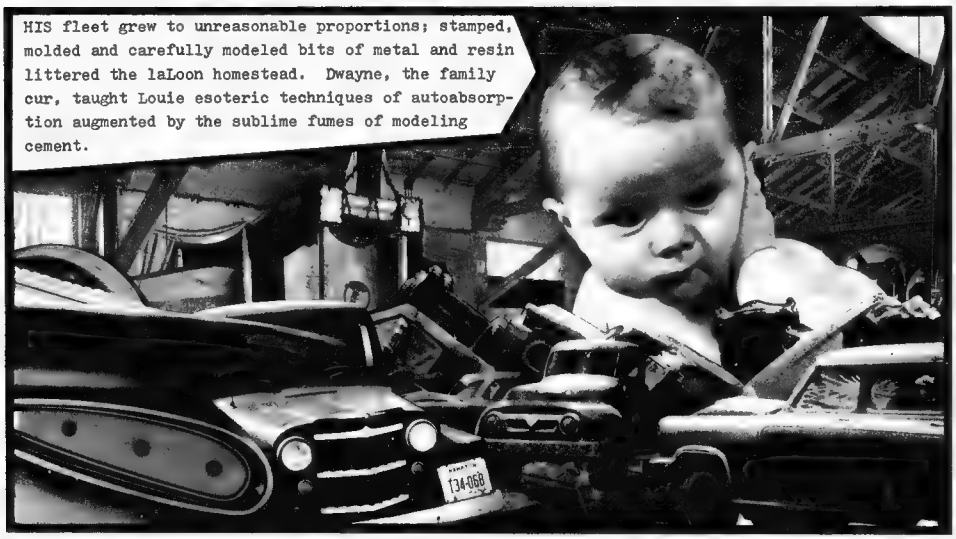
...AND I PRESSED MY HAND AGAINST HIS FACE, FEELING HIS THICK MASSIVE LIPS, AND...

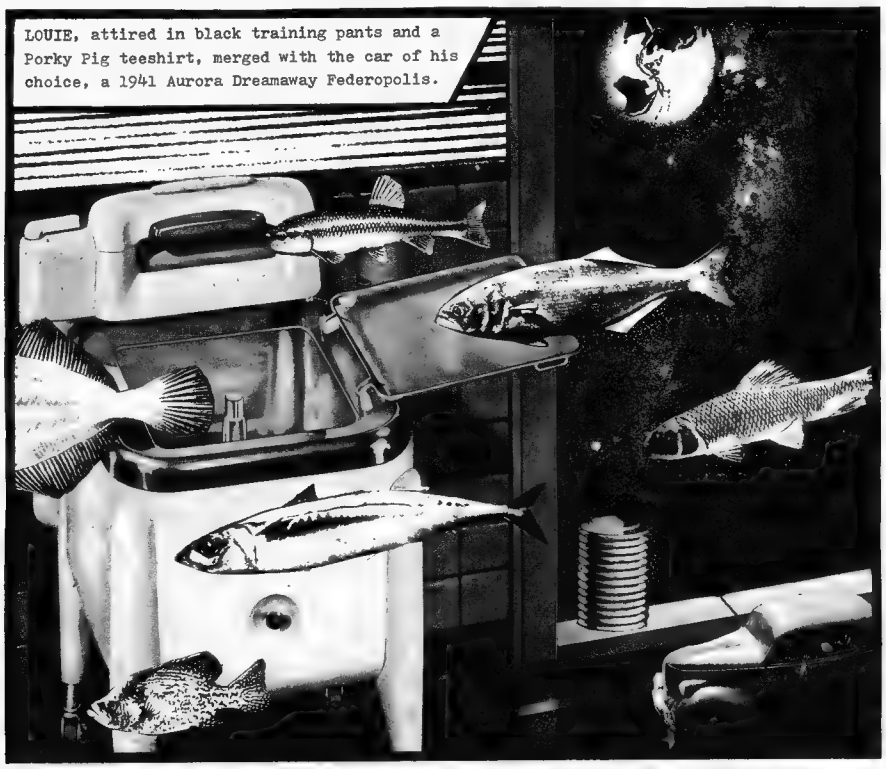
© 1981 CHARLES BURNS

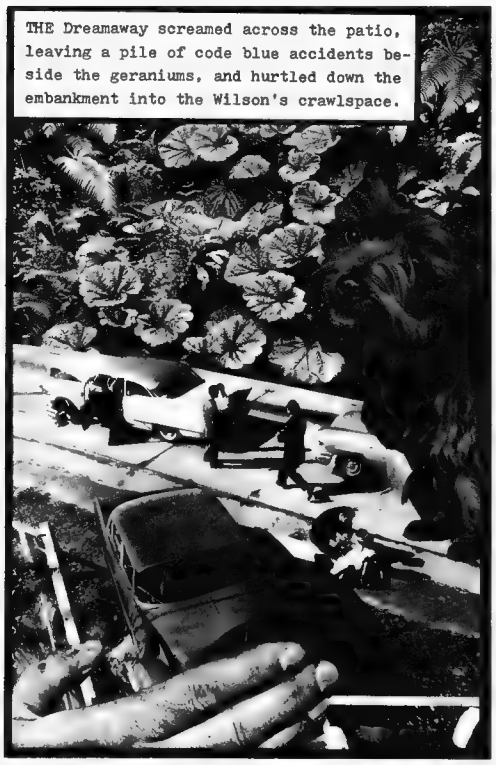
GROWING PAIN
Josef Schwind 80

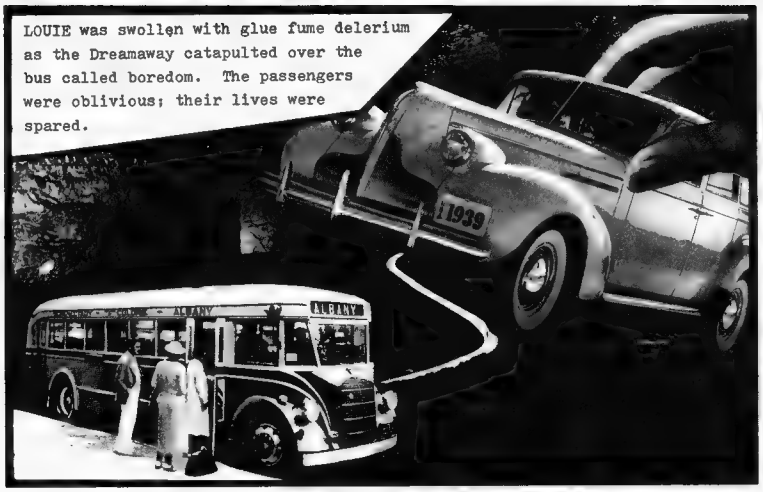
LOUIE was aghast, his passion thwarted by awkward musculature and an undeveloped larynx.
Mama Rose applied endless layers of talcum powder, relentless balm for the childs mysterious agony.

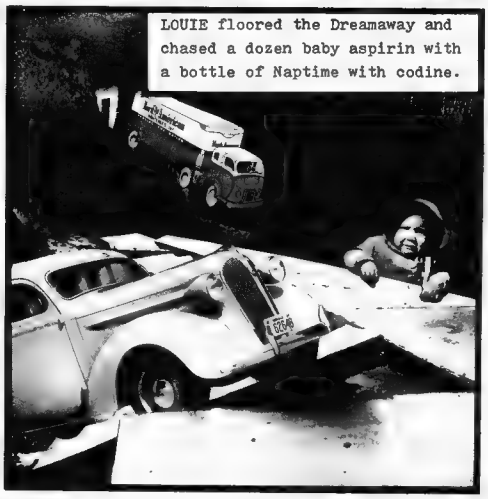
Eventually Louie grasped the mechanics of acquisition; cash was power, power was uninhibited movement. He dealt gravel to the neighbors; two chunks for 25, ten for a buck.





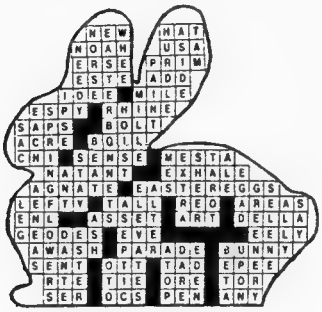






THE Pimbledon Tot Squad was hot on Louie's pudgy heels despite his reckless pace. The Dreamaway threw a rod and Louie was cornered in the baptistry of St. Uvulas Cathedral. The laLoons were deemed unfit; Louie was placed with a glucose deficient foster family in Gatorville.

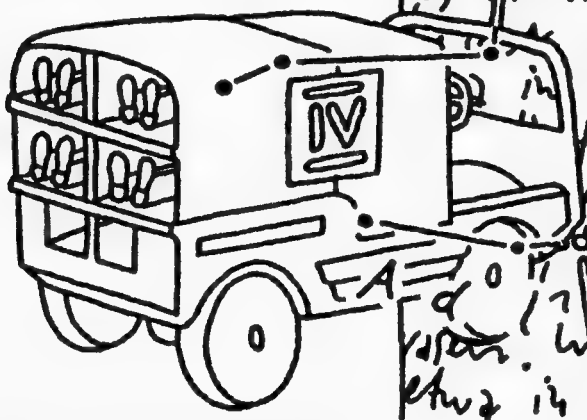
THE Neufs were patriotic Electrologists who encouraged Louie to absorb excessive hours of teevee transmissions from New York. Escape was inevitable.



New York Times, Easter Edition 1979

ORDINARY SENTENCE

Rabbit. On one hand there is the thought machine, racing along, gathering the attractive, babbling sentences, filling the silence with itself, without knowing why, with words, which belong to no one. It happens all the time especially when you let your wet tongue stick out of your mouth so that something can come along and stick to it. I have seen myself running through the city, holding a

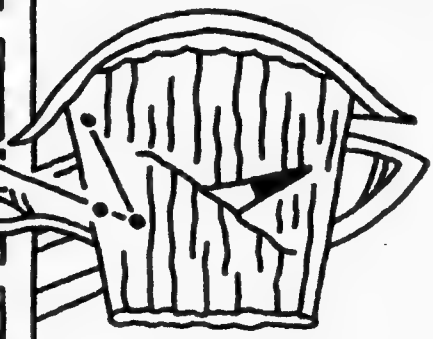


Four completed sentences ready for being transported into a notebook.

last sentence in my mind till I came across the one that matched it. When it happens, it is a blessing. And on the other hand, it is getting hard to believe that there is all that much difference between the boiling soup of sentences which are nearly all, each and every one of them, models of craziness, and myself chewing them like salad.

I usually have four completed sentences in my mind which I will try, at some point, to make a note of. This gets difficult when they come to me shortly before I fall asleep, or in cars. I am too lazy or I feel too sick. Often an older sentence gets lost in the attention a new one excites. There is no means back to it, attempts to remember it are useless. But there is a rear reverberation room of remembrance, in which sentences are sometimes conserved for a few hours. There they stay loosely knotted to the memory substance, which lends its binding power to them for a certain amount of time, before rudely withdrawing it for new material before they have a chance to sink in. What remains of the sentences gets knotted together with solid, stored association material. The more diverse the associations, the greater the chance that

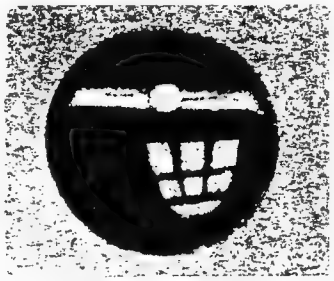
the sentence itself will get stored in the brain in the form of actual matter intended for it. We formulate a sentence phonetically, inside, listen to it inside us. One talks silently, hears voices, has inner ears, which race along the memory traces, listening in. If a sentence gets evacuated, let us say into a notebook, the outer ears' work ability noticeably increases. The best method to fix a sentence in one's memory is to speak it aloud. To do that when half asleep or in the presence of strangers might be hard at first, later on it stops mattering. The sentence will then take the form of an outside object, which can be remembered. One can feel it



A sentence befogging an eye

in the speech organ, in which it leaves a casting, after which it can be reproduced. And it arrives like all other sounds in the world at the outer ears again, whose channels lead it back to where it came from. The circle is closed, all possible cells are put into action, somewhere the whole sentence or parts of it may have struck.

But what damage does the sentence cause which I am hopelessly trying to memorize in the room I pace? It is just barely on my tongue anymore, already so remote, its absence befogs the whole room, the traffic, the sky. It seems as though I have lost something—so unsettled do I feel—the spark of electricity that the sentence was. I can feel its tracks like phantom pain in an amputated part of my body. If I cannot prevent this feeling of loss can I then reduce the speed at which the sentences strike? By doing so, am I trying to make a deal with myself, to form a new habit, as impossible as that would be? Well, I will not watch myself doing that. Headaches, not splitting, but droning, like cobwebs, the sun only through the crack of the door, a triangle of sky above the monster.



Willy Kühne's result in *Scientific American*, August 1950

I am thinking of the rabbit that Willy Kühne killed in 1878 as it looked out of a barred window. He removed the rabbit's retina and discovered the image of the window grate burned into it.

Perhaps a sentence stands still in our minds at the moment of our death and we turn into stone around it.

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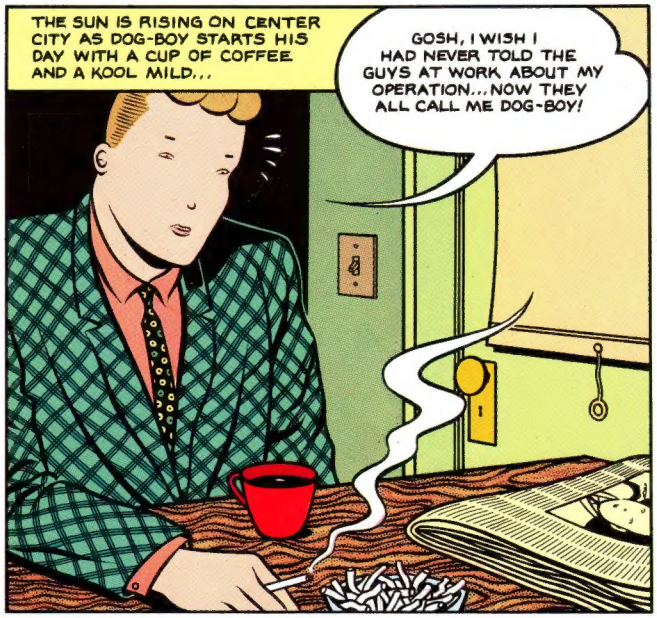
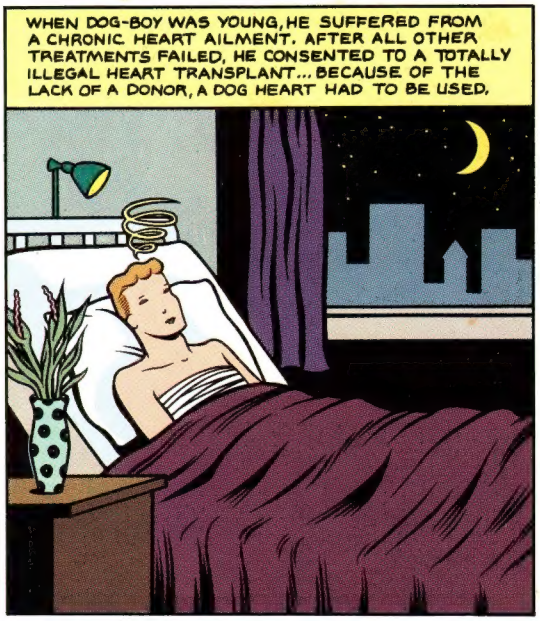
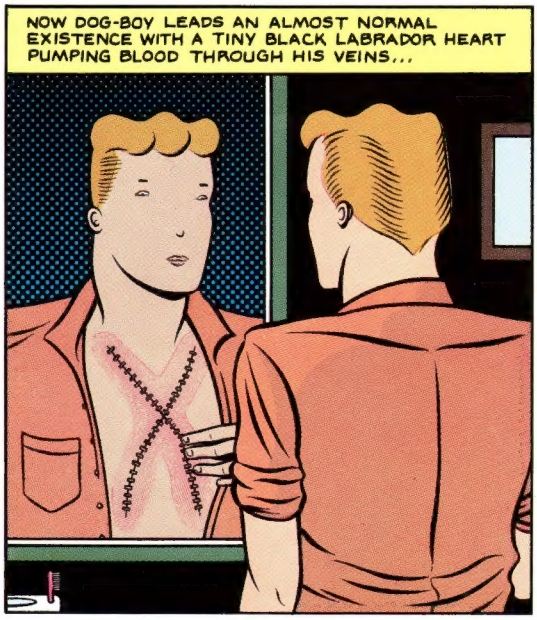
R EF
L E
C TI
O N
C AP E L LE

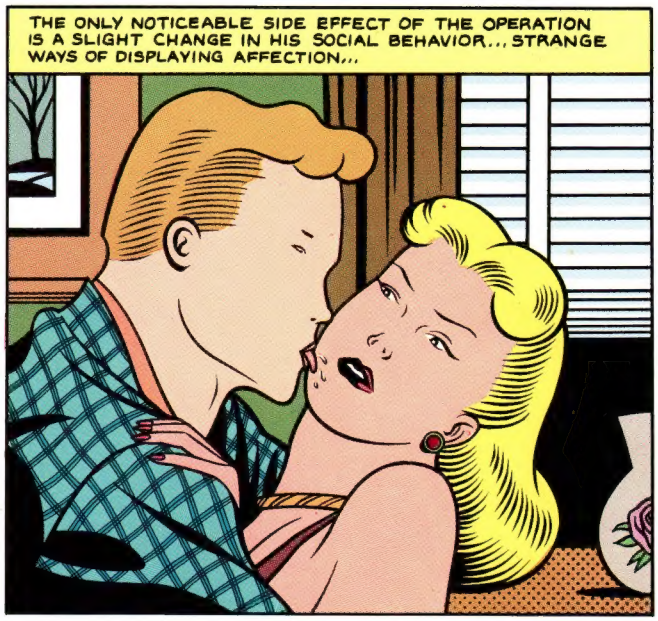
DOG-BOY

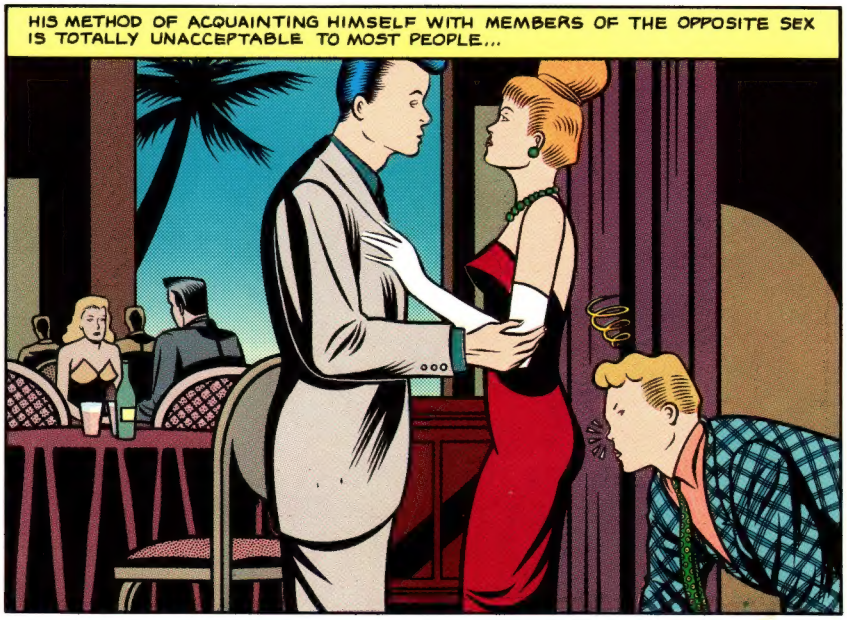
© 1998 BY CHARLES BURNS











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